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A  
**KEPPOCH SONG:**  
**A Poem,**

*Coll of  
Keppoch  
A Boembe.*

IN FIVE CANTOS:

BEING  
THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE FAMILY,

<sup>Alias of</sup>  
**Donald, Lord of the Isles, and King of Fionn**  
*gal*  
*Carried down to its Extinction,*

WITH A CONTINUATION OF THE FAMILY OF KEPPOCH;

The whole combined with  
**THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,**

With  
**NOTES AND REFERENCES,**

And  
*Concluding with an Analysis of the Scotch Acts of Parliament,  
relative to the Douglas Association;*

AND

**AN ADDRESS**

TO

**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT,**

&c. &c.

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BY

**JOHN PAUL MACDONALD**

PRIVATE TEACHER IN STONEHAVEN.

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**MONTROSE:**

*Printed for the Author, at the Review Office, by James Watt.*

**1815.**

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## PREFACE.

**A** PREFACE to a book, particularly a new publication, is so common that it may be considered as necessary as a letter of introduction to a stranger; and is the more to be expected from me, who am a person in a humble station of life, and quite unknown to the literary world. I have no exterior advantage or appearance to recommend me, and must resign the following performance to its fate.

Perhaps, it may be acceptable to the reader to see the history of a family, whose name is spread all over the face of the earth, and from which so many families are descended, brought forward to his view, in regular or historical detail, and he may be led to sympathise with that unfortunate branch of it, the family of Keppoch, a family which never *sold* its honour, and which for ninety-nine years past, has been exposed to every species of depression and poverty, from an attachment to principle, whether wrong or right, it is unnecessary now to examine. All I shall say on that topic is, that historians of the present day, when speaking of 1715 and 45, call

them not rebellious, "but a family quarrel." The few remaining descendants of that family have suffered a far greater degree of hardship or punishment, than any other forfeited family, though I were not to take notice of the injustice of the crown, and a party in former ages; and it remains a subject of inquiry, why, thirty years ago, the property of all the forfeited families was restored, with the single exception of the lands of Keppoch, of which not the smallest notice was taken, though included in the same act of forfeiture and annexation as those restored? The rights of succession belongs to the writer's mother, now aged eighty-four years; but that poverty with which we have had to struggle, has hitherto precluded any application to the legislature; but that is no excuse for the crown.

Though the property of the earl of Kilmarnock, and the greatest part of the property of Earl Marischal, was sold, yet the descendants of the family of Kilmarnock, enjoy pensions from the crown, and Earl Marischal obtained three thousand pounds of money, with one or more estates; and Lord Keith, by holding lucrative situations in the navy, has acquired a very large fortune, with a renovation of titles. Other families, who had forfeited, were allowed to reside upon their lands, and as tenants

to the crown, or the trustees, to earn a subsistence; but the family of Keppoch was expelled its ancient patrimony and residence, and has now suffered an *exile* of ninety-nine years, none pertaining to it having so much as seen the lands of their forefathers, until two months ago, that the writer went there to make some inquiries.

Perhaps, it may be thought by some, that I should have addressed myself to the right honourable the president, and the members of that very numerous and highly respectable body, the Highland Society, which may be considered as the Donald of the Isles of modern times. To this I beg leave to say, that I entertain sentiments of the highest respect for that society, and the purposes of its institution, and that nothing but my circumstances prevent me from petitioning for admission as a member; but the case is still the same as at the battle of Harlaw for the earldom of Ross—the support of the right of a female, and I have addressed myself accordingly.

I shall only add, that the following has been hastily wrote, and as there are reasons which compel me to wish for a speedy publication, so there is not time for revision.

The writer, from a regard to truth, begs leave to say, that in the matter of the surrender at Preston, he was misled by a writer, who, he finds, is not correct. It ap-

pears, that after the junction of the Scotch advanced body, with those of the north of England, it was debated, what they should next do; when it was resolved to march for Lancashire, on which a body of 500, or more, Highlanders left them, saying they would return, and take their chance in their own country.

Macintosh of Borlum, as brigadier-general, commanded the Scotch that advanced, and surrendered after a skirmish; he afterwards made his escape out of Newgate. Those who left them might have been Keppoch's division, who, it is likely, had joined the main body, as it appears that, when after the battle of Sheriff-muir, "orders were given the troops to separate, the greater part marched to Dundee; and others, among whom, the lairds of Keppoch, Lochiel, Glengary, Sir Donald Macdonald, and many of the clans, by the way of Dunkeld." Prior to the breaking up, and separating, a council of war was held on the arrival of the ch——, when, among other reasons given for that measure, it was stated, "the ch—— had a few days before, received a certain account that some of the chiefs of those who had appeared in arms, in favour of this undertaking, had wickedly entered into a conspiracy, not only to go over, and make their peace with the king of Great Britain, for so they now stiled

him, but to make their peace at the expence of their friends, and to seize upon the person of the ch——, and deliver him up to the duke of Argyle. The marquis of Huntly, and the earl of Seaforth, were named as principals in the design." The ch—— very privately, in the night time, got on board a ship at Montrose, with Mar and some others. A letter dated from Ruthen in Badenoch, February 16, 1716, was wrote to the duke of Argyle, stating: "the many and great hardships we groan under since the late union, were not the least motives of making us take arms: and, however our judgments may have been mistaken in the way of procuring redress, our intentions must, we think, be allowed to be honourable, and what became a people, who have for so many years preserved their independency:" also offering submission, and concluding with, "we are fond to make your grace the instrument of procuring our safety; and to owe you a favour, which will always oblige us to acknowledge ourselves, *may it please your grace*, your grace's most humble and most obedient servants;" signed by D. Macdonald, Robertson, Alexander Mackenzie, Mack Donald, Douglas, Clan Ranald, Ja. Ogilvie, Alexander Gordon, Linlithgow, Southesk, Gregor of Glengile." The first signature is the Sir of Sleat, the fourth is that of Keppoch,

as chief of the name, and representing the Lord of the Isles, such being the old mode of his signature.

The suspicion of an underhand agreement with his majesty of Great Britain, appears to have been well founded, for the answer of that letter, in as far as regarded Keppoch, was the apprehending of him, his brother, and many of his clan, their being sent to Perth, tried, and except himself, transported, which qualified the duke of Gordon, and Macintosh, by the clan act, to seize their property, under their false pretence of superiority, having, perhaps given a sum of money to the king for his good will, such being stated, in the Scotch acts of parliament to have been the case with James the Seventh, as to Argyle's forfeiture; and thus the duke of Gordon and Macintosh, acquired the property, heritable and moveable of Keppoch, the one for the treason of his son, the other for the treason of his brother; and anno 1745. they played the same double game, and the duke acquired the property of Mamore for the treason of his brother, thus exciting rebellion by precept and example, seemingly by the concurrence of George the First and the Second who, past all doubt, thus rewarded them, whither they shared in the profits or not. Against such violation of the national rights, against such infamous and dishonest conduct, the writer hereby enters his most solemn protest.

MACK DONALD.



△  
**KEPPOCH SONG.**

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*Canto First.*

## Argument.

Address to Ossian—Origin of the Family of the Isles—Contests with the Scots or Saxons—Donald Bane—The Danes invade Ireland—Fingal sails to its relief—Returns—The Picts assisted.

## A KEPPPOCH SONG.

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### Canto First.

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OSSIAN! lend me now thy lyre,  
Thy boldest strains my soul inspire!  
Ossian, now awake to me,  
Bless mine eyes that sight to see!  
Behold! he comes, majestic man,  
Extending out to me his han'---  
“Here take my lyre, my song renew,  
“Mine ancient strains once more pursue.”  
He wav'd his hand, and vanish'd quite;---  
Alas! he's left me now in night.

From Hibernia's isle I came,  
A royal son of Coll to name;  
Caledonia's isles I coloniz'd,  
My right original I priz'd:

*Ed. H. MacLennan, Edin.*

One hundred years ere Christ appear'd,  
Around my royal voice was heard.  
I landed next on Argyle's shores,  
To chace the deer and kill the boars:  
The western shores of all Argyle  
Were a' my ain for many a mile;  
Kintyre and Knapdale I did gain,  
Fifty-four years prior *one*\*.  
Lochaber and Bad'noch own'd my sway,  
Mine ancient right, and property.  
Th' Scots a diff'rent colony were,  
And settled on Argyle elsewhere:  
As Saxons they to me were known,  
Hence discords rise, and maidens moan;  
Soon martial strife we do begin,  
The mountains echo with the din;  
My lion† roars, and shakes his mane,  
'The sound returns from plain to plain;

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\* The Christian epocha, in the reign of Ederus, king of the Scots. The spirit of the first chiefs is supposed to animate their successors; hence the action continues as of one personage.

† The arms of the Macdonalds, 1st, Or, a lion, rampant, azure, armed, and languid gules. 2d, A dexter hand coupee, holding a cross croslet fitchie sable. 3d, Or, a ship, with her sails furled satterwise, sable. 4th, A salmon naint, proper, with a chief waved, argent.

His eye in *ire* he casts around,  
And mighty deeds do now abound:  
The deeds recorded in the song,  
The Sumerleds—my battle strong;  
With ardour burn, with glory fir'd,  
And love of conquest them inspir'd;  
The mighty prize, for sov'reign pow'r,  
Heroic minds can life abjure;  
Aided at length by Norway's force,  
I follow now fair vict'ry's course;  
The Saxon king in battle lies,  
Of his wounds in a few days dies:  
As king o'er the col'nies twain,  
With sov'reign sway, I twelve years reign.  
Friends I reward, and grants I give\*,  
Each Highland clan hails, Lang may we live;  
But Cratlinth, Findoch's son, makes head,  
The Saxon force retrieves with speed;

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\* Donald Bane gave a grant of the Isle of Lewis, the Isles of Orkney and Zetland, to the Norwegians, for the assistance they gave him at this time, which were afterwards restored to Scotland, as the dowry of Margaret of Norway. Of this descent is Macleod of Macleod. The writer's circumstances do not admit of his having a collection of books, and he does not pretend to have a correct, or tenacious memory; but from a faint recollection of what he has read, he is inclined to think, that the Norwegians, in consequence of grants from the above Donald Bane, were in possession also of Caithness

He now contests with me the sway,  
 And in his turn regains the day;  
 But as each power retrieves its might,  
 Our warlike ardour prompts the fight,  
 Until new cares my mind engage,  
 And scenes of glory I presage.  
 The Danes Hibernia do invade,  
 Part of her coasts a prey they made;  
 The battle echoes on her plains,  
 Songs are sung in dying strains;

and Sutherland, and the whole eastern sea coasts of Scotland, up to, at least, Murrayshire; but, in consequence of the prevailing arms of the Scots, or Saxons, over the Picts, and their bearing their course northward, they were driven back out of Ross-shire; as the earldom of Ross, the writer is led to think, was a Scottish title, and granted by their king, after having been acquired by the thane, or chief of that tribe. If he is correct in this supposition, the family of Sutherland is of Norwegian extraction, and of high antiquity. As Alexander, upon his marriage with Margaret, confirmed all Donald Bane's grants, so, upon the unjust assumption of James the Third, and a party, of the Earldom of Ross to the crown, the Sutherland title of Earl became the oldest. The name of St. Clair, or Sinclair, he also thinks is of the same extraction, and was then, as it still is, in possession of Caithness. The title of Earl of Caithness, held by a Stewart, at the battle of Ennertoehy, seems to have been an unjust grant by the king, in favour of a relation, and to found a pretence for depriving that name of its property. This seems to have ceased with the fall of that Stewart, in that battle.

*As Alexander, upon the marriage of his daughter Margaret with the Prince of Norway, confirmed all Donald Bane's grants, so he*

The Danes successive on do come,  
Far o'er her plains now they do roam:  
Hibernia, struggling with the toils,  
Looks around—no fortune smiles;  
Her Celtic son she now thinks on;  
Heraldic bards her fate bemoan.  
Onward to me their course they tend,  
And in Artornish hall they bend.  
A parli'ment of my clans I call\*,  
In my castle I greet them all:  
We feast, we quaff, and, with the song  
Of heroes fall'n, the night prolong.  
Hibernia's bards at length arise,  
With grief-swol'n cheeks, and downcast eyes,  
Sadly solemn, their harps they take,  
And thus to me their plaint they make:  
“Great Fingal, mighty chief renown'd,  
To whom all health and bliss abound,  
Be pleas'd to hear Hibernia's tale,  
And let her griefs on thee prevail;  
The Danes have landed on her coast,  
And of her ravag'd plains they boast;  
Death and destruction mark their way,  
Our sons and daughters they do slay;

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\* Statistical Account of North Knapdale and Ilay.

Chief after chief their rage oppos'd,  
Until in death their course is clos'd.  
Our plains, now drench'd with blood, they pace,  
Our scatter'd hosts to mountains chace;  
While cries of infants pierce our ears,  
Their ruthless wounds excite our tears.  
Great Sire, to thee we raise our strain;  
Let not Hibernia sue in vain;  
Think on thine ancient natal soil,  
Thy sires of old—their glorious toil;  
Thy martial bands to our aid bring,  
Hibernia's bards thy praise will sing."  
They cease their strain—my bosom burns  
With grief and anger in their turns:  
My chiefs I address with sparkling eyes—  
"Hibernia's bards, you've heard their sighs.  
Descendants and vassals, shall not we  
Repress this rage, and Lochlin see?  
Our natal soil now claims our care,  
Shall not we to her aid repair?  
Let us parental duty pay,  
Honour and nature's voice obey."  
The chiefs, on pious war intent,  
With *bon-accord* cheerly assent.  
Fir'd with her wrongs my lions roar,  
Quick flies the call from shore to shore.



From Saxon battles I now cease,  
The pass to guard—let that suffice.  
My galleys rigg'd, my sails I hoize,  
Lorie\* on the poop uprise;  
My flag display'd, my blanket blue,  
Aloft it waves, right fair to-view:  
Landed on Hibernia's shore,  
Sad scenes of ravage I deplore:  
Her smoaking ruins my mind assail,  
And for a time does grief prevail.  
Fair hope now cheers my pensive breast,  
Shades of departed heroes rest!  
Fierce Lochlin's force may be repell'd,  
And the proud foe to fly compell'd:  
Shades of my fathers me now aid,  
Your mighty deeds me not upbraid!  
Hibernia's drooping force I join,  
Th' high command to me they assign.  
Soon with the foe we do engage,  
With martial vie our breasts do rage.  
What mighty deeds now raise our fame,  
How bards exalt each hero's name;  
What streams of blood, what hills of slain,  
Swell each mead, and mark each plain:

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\* Lorimer, the name of a piper.

What val'rous acts each chief displays,  
Recorded in the minstrel's lays;  
What heroes fall, what chiefs resign,  
The fleeting breath, their fathers join;  
How long Bellona's voice prolongs  
The bloody strife, death's region throngs;  
What widows, orphans, maidens mourn;  
Depriv'd of sons, from lovers torn;  
In the wild mountains forc'd to hide  
Their unshelter'd heads, th' storms abide;  
How many of my friends I lose:  
How bards their vigils sadly close:  
Here let me now that strain forbear,  
For who can sing in Ossian's sphere?  
The Danes at length strong holds do build  
From our attacks themselves to shield;  
With maids Hibernian do unite,  
Thus they slack our arduous fight:  
My strength much spent, to peace I heark,  
My surviving friends I embark;  
And hie me home to mine own shore,  
There relatives their loss deplore.  
Enough of life the hero cries,  
When he in manhood's glory dies:  
The bards do in the heroine's ear  
Recite the deed—she dries the tear,

While thus my state I do repair,  
And for my people's welfare care,  
An embassy the Saxon sends,  
To me the olive he extends;  
In regal pomp they do me hail\*,  
And with fair speech they do prevail:  
I them receive with regal state,  
And courteously I do them treat:  
With honour send them to the shore,  
And think of Saxon foe no more,

The Saxons now in strength increase,  
From wars with Picts they do not cease;  
The strife pursue on Pictish ground,  
Victorious breaking o'er each mound;  
The capital at length they take,  
Northward the Picts themselves betake,  
The Saxon bands their course pursue,  
And at each halt the wars renew;  
At length, when driv'n to Norway's bound,  
A last effort the Picts do sound;  
They to me an embassy send,  
Join'd with Norway their path to tend;

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\* Statistical Account of Ilay.

In mournful strains to me they show  
Th' extent of their disastrous woe:  
Courteously I them do hear,  
And for their state bid them not fear.  
A meeting of my chiefs I hold;  
With eagerness the war's resolv'd;  
My friends around my standard flock,  
Eager to brave the Saxon shock.  
On Murray's plains my allies meet,  
The Saxon force we rudely greet.  
In war's conflicts each day engage,  
With heroic fire our minds do rage:  
But ah, alas! we vainly bleed,  
The fates 'gainst us had now decreed,  
That vict'ry to the Saxon foe  
Should wave her wings, and us lay low.  
Who can fate's stern decree reprieve?  
Of Picts, alas! how few survive!  
Who now from plains to mountains driv'n,  
Are by me succour'd—grants are giv'n:  
Irreg'lar warfare still we wage,  
Vengeance thirst on them to assuage.  
“Like torrents from the hills we sweep  
Their plains,”—their flocks as booty keep.  
Though, to check this plund'ring toil,  
The Saxon hails me Thane of Argyle:

But independence fills my mind,  
With love of liberty combin'd.  
The Saxon drives the Norwegian north,  
At last he sends them cross the Frith.  
He then a league\* with France does make,  
And him as friend in need does take,

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\* Anno 770.



A  
**KEPPOCH SONG.**

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**Canto Second.**

## **Argument.**

**The Saxons invade Badenoch—Wars ensue—Comyn acquires  
Lower Badenoch—Balliol and Bruce—Battle of Bannock-  
burn—The accession of the House of Stewart—John, Lord  
of Argyle and the Isles, married to Lady Margaret Stewart—  
Dispute about the earldom of Ross—Battles of Harlow and  
Ennerlochy.**



## A KEPPOCH SONG.

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### Canto Second.

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**G**REAT Fingal, deign to lend an ear,  
My humble suit, O do thou hear;  
Do thou illuminate my lay,  
As the bright sun enlivens the day:  
Thy friendly aid unto me bring;  
Successive exploits may I sing!

The Saxon strength increase anon,  
Extermination still goes on.  
Fresh grants unto his chiefs are given,  
Th' exile lifts his eye to heav'n:  
Titles new the Saxon creates,  
And, by such, his friends animates.  
Lochaber, Bad'noch's Thaness he makes,  
And such as war's pretence he takes;

Napoleon's mode of modern days,  
Who with such sounds his friends repays.  
These new made Thanes on conquest bent,  
Bad'noch's borders press, with intent  
Me to expel mine ancient right,  
Vassal Clan Chattan force to flight.

By this invasion rous'd anew,  
War's glorious labours I pursue;  
With Cawdor's thane an alliance form,  
And Norway's bands invite to th' storm.  
Now the dread battle's conflicts rage;  
In bloody fields we Saxons engage;  
From day to day our fortunes try,  
With heart that scorns the scene to fly.  
The Saxon host, with courage great,  
On us they press with direful hate:  
Rage and ambition fire Macbeth,  
My Sumerled lies low in death,  
A successive Sumerled then,  
Wars fortune tries—but ah! in vain.  
Fate's stern decree we could not foil,  
Vict'ry on us refus'd to smile.  
After much toil, and numbers slain,  
Norway's forc'd to flee to the main.

Of Cawdor's Thane a pris'ner they make,—  
Ah! how it griev'd me for his sake.  
Comyn at last low'r Bad'noch gains,  
The upper part to Chattan remains.

With Hibernia I unite  
In love and friendship's soft delight.  
Revolving time its axis turns,  
With petty warfare ardour burns,  
Until, by heaven's high decree,  
The Saxons shall sad events see.  
Their royal lineage now does fail,  
And high contention does prevail:  
Three potent rivals now do claim  
The crown, but only two I name—  
Balliol and Bruce, whose great domains  
And num'rous friends the choice constrains.  
Unable this great point to clear,  
The nobles Edward crave to hear;  
To him as arbiter refer,  
Who for Balliol does declare.  
I from this contest keep aloof,  
But of Balliol do approve.  
Balliol as vassal Edward deems,  
And from him calls what homage seems;

Further intrenches on his sway,  
Till he at last dares disobey.  
Edward, the Napo' of his time,  
Resolves to visit Scotia's clime;  
Of her fair realm possession take,  
And of her people subjects make.  
What sad events do now ensue,  
My mournful muse declines to view.  
Of Wallace' acts I hear the fame,  
And high with me resounds his name.  
Young Bruce, at length, is, by the blast,  
A wretched exile on me cast;  
He my protection now does crave,  
His ruin'd state me sues to save.  
I, thinking England's force too near,  
Do him advise to banish fear;  
With kindness I do him receive,  
And of his suit I give free leave.  
Resolv'd his shatter'd state to aid,  
Of select friends a choice I made;  
With thousands two I forwards go,  
Arouse his friends to meet the foe;  
At Bannockburn we England's force  
Put to the route, both man and horse.  
The Saxons thus for once do see  
Me on their side a warrior be.

Their state restor'd, now, with grave face,  
Their king to me these terms address:  
“Donald, how you’ve behav’d of old  
No need there is that you be told;  
But now a loyal subject be,  
Honours and favours you shall see;  
Unto my court you’ll now resort,  
And the nation’s welfare concert.”  
I at the thought of subject smile,  
Is that now my reward for toil?  
But, considering where I stood,  
I friendship promise to make good.  
Homewards my steps I then retrace,  
And with my friends I do solace\*.

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\* In this expedition Angus Moir, or the Great, was attended by Macintosh and Maclean. Maclean, in all martial expeditions, acted as a lieutenant, or second in command, for the Lord of the Isles, and had the lands of Aros, the islands of Mull, Tyree, and Coll, given him to support that dignity, being a great estate. In this expedition it is highly probable Angus had been attended by his brother Ronald, the progenitor of Keppoch, the first Keppoch being distinguished by the term Mac Hicrancil, or the son of Ronaldson; the father of which, Angus Moir and Ronald, was Alexander, lord of Argyle and the Isles, in the reign of Alexander the Third about 1280. It is also probable he got the grant of the lands of Keppoch from this Angus, his uncle, on account of this service, that being the mode by which lands were acquired in those days.

Bruce, who by this visit had seen  
What large domains to me pertain,  
Now thinks he must my power controul,  
And make me feel a sovereign's rule.  
I, therefore, with Hibernia renew  
Mine ancient tie, by nuptial vow\*.  
Meanwhile the wheel of fortune turns,  
Edward, Baliol to Scotland returns,  
Who former leagues with me renews†,  
And Bruce in war he quick pursues,  
Who now to France is forc'd to flee;  
But soon returns by fate's decree.  
Baliol back to England must go,  
Such rapid turns does fortune show.

David to's death as king is known,  
The Stuart then ascends the throne;  
Who now with me a league does make;  
I for my spouse his daughter take:

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\* "Angus Moir's successor was also called Angus, being married to a daughter of Okeyan Lord Dunseverin in Ireland."—*William Buchanan of Auchmar's Enquiry into the Genealogy and present state of Ancient Scottish Surnames*, published in 1723, but which appears, by its contents, to have been wrote prior to 1715. From his care and accuracy he seems to have made personal inquiries.

† Lord Hailes' Annals.

With nuptial rites resounds Inchgal\*,  
 And pleasure echoes through the hall.  
 Three sprightly boys to me she bears,  
 And carefully she them up rears†.  
 Now forfeitures harass the realm,  
 Nobles in ruin overwhelm:  
 Their wealth bestow'd on relatives,  
 By dint of royal prerogative;  
 Thus selfish ends, as leading star,  
 Do pave the way for future war‡.

Robert the debt of nature pays,  
 Leaves James, his son, in minor days;

\* The castle of Inchgal.—*Lord Hailes' Annals.*

† Viz. Donald, his successor; John of Glins, whose descendant, fair Sumerled of Glins, went over to Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and, by his bravery and good conduct, acquired a large estate, with the title of earl of Antrim, which is now held by Anne Catherine Macdonnell, countess of Antrim; and Allan, who was ancestor of the captain of Clanranald. “This marriage of John, with Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter to King Robert the Second, is evident by two characters—by that king, in his favour, by designation of his beloved son-in-law, of the lands of Moydert and Croydert.”—*Buchanan of Auchmar's Inquiry.*

‡ At the commencement of the dispute about the succession to the crown, there were thirty-two noblemen of the name of Comyn, all of whom were ruined, on the charge of having favoured Baliol, or the English interest:

Monteith does therefore guard the throne,  
And he as governor is known.  
He former selfish rule does bear,  
Thus the old nobility fear,  
That, by crown lands, this *sweep's* pretence  
Must sweep them soon from hold and fence.

The governor now at nothing sticks,  
And priestcraft joins with knavish tricks.  
The heiress Ross persuades to leave  
The world, and her own friends deceive;  
Her estate the earldom to dispone  
In Buchan's favour—his second son.  
She takes the vail, and he assumes\*  
This new-pluck'd feather to his plumes.

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\* "Donald, Lord of the Isles, married a daughter of Walter Lesslie, who, in right of his wife, daughter of William, last earl of Ross, was earl of that estate. He had one son, who left only one daughter, heiress to that earldom, which daughter, having become a nun, disposed her estate to John Stewart, earl of Buchan\*, second son to Robert, earl of Fife, and Monteith, then governor of Scotland. The Lord of the Isles judging himself pre-judged by the said right, applied to the governor for redress, but to no purpose," &c.—*William Buchanan of Auchmar's Inquiry*.

\* The earldom of Buchan was one of the new forfeitures, it having been the property of the name of Comyn.



The news is to my spouse convey'd,  
Who, being her aunt, was thus betray'd,  
She now on me her wrong does press,  
And craves that I obtain redress.  
I to the governor complain;  
My application is in vain.

A parliment of my chiefs I call;  
With them I meet in Inchgall's hall;  
The hospitable rites go round,  
And festive friendship does abound.  
At length, when met in grave debate,  
The matter I to them do state.

“ Descendants, vassals, you I greet,  
In courteous terms, as does seem meet;  
Your rights I ever have priz'd dear,  
In that, you know, the case is clear.

“ When Chief-Clan Chattan was forc'd to leave  
This fleeting vain world for a grave,  
And left behind him a young maid,  
The heiress sole to his great shade.  
Did I then seek a vassal male,  
Who might assist th' foe to assail?

Had not she leave to please her mind?  
Was she not then to Toshach\* kind?  
Him, though a Saxon, I receive,  
And her free choice a vassal have.  
Ross' heiress has the world forsak'n,  
To a convent herself betaken;  
The Stewart's arts have thus prevail'd,  
And the new Buchan as Ross is hail'd.  
My spouse, her aunt, is thus beguil'd,  
Of her successive right despoil'd.  
To th' governor I've complain'd,  
To no purpose—my suit's disdain'd.  
Thus ancient laws have lost their course,  
By trick and arbitrary force."

My chiefs, with indignation mov'd,  
Do thus reply—Monteith reprov'd:  
"If she'll not enjoy her estate,  
She has no right the next to cheat:  
She, as successor, it receiv'd,  
Th' next in line should not be aggriev'd.  
If ancient laws have lost their sway,  
No longer then can we obey.

---

\* Macintosh, the chief of that name.

To arms therefore we must resort,  
And God the cause of right support.  
The *petticoat* come let us hoise,  
And in its cause let us rejoice."

My own dear blood to me do haste,  
And soon I'm join'd by all the rest;  
Amounting to twelve thousand strong,  
Our hearts elated with the throng:  
With sword and shield, Lochaber axe,  
Wherewith in fight our foes to vex.  
The mountains soon we leave behind,  
Our march is by no foe confin'd.  
The pipes do play in merry strains,  
With martial airs resound the plains.  
The Lowlanders before us fly,  
With trembling heart and wailing eye.  
Terror in ev'ry face is seen;  
The fugitives reach Aberdeen;  
Where they the terror quickly spread,  
Dismay on every brow is read.  
Say what's the matter? they exclaim—  
"He's come"—"who's come? what is his name?"  
Donald o' th' Isles, and a' his men!  
"Lord help us," cry they out again.

The Aberdeen folks exclaim then all,  
“What shall we do? God help my saul?”  
At Harlaw’s village\* I do halt,  
Refresh my men, their hopes exalt.  
Stewart, earl of Mar, with me does meet,  
And quick prepares my force to greet;  
Of courage bold, of council sage,  
Deem’d th’ bravest gen’ral of his age;  
With equal numbers on his side,  
And eager all th’ event to bide,  
In dreadful battle we engage,  
And loosen every thought to rage.  
’Twas the dark shade of night alone  
That stopp’d the bloodiest battle known.  
The morning light did next display  
What numbers vast on the plain lay;  
How few on either side survive,  
Fair hope to hail, or fight contrive.  
Each, therefore, homeward takes his way,  
And many mourn that dreadful day.  
My spouse me welcomes, wails no loss,  
Next I possess th’ earldom of Ross.  
When James at length ascends the throne,  
A parliament calls—his will known;

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\* Near Inverury.

To Edinburgh I\* then repair,  
Conscious of right, devoid of fear;  
Where, whilst we sit, on state intent,  
On sudden I'm seiz'd—to prison sent †,  
With Douglas, Lennox, March, and others,  
And more than twenty Baron brothers.  
My Earldom of Ross from me tak'n,  
Wherewith to slice for royal bac'n.  
The news to Donald Balloch flies,  
Alexander a pris'ner lies;  
Who hopes his brother to release  
From thralldom rule, from pris'ns disgrace.  
Quickly he levies thousands ten,  
Among my gallant warlike men.  
The king who did this business scheme,  
Thereby to raise his royal name,  
And make himself and laws be fear'd,  
More than hitherto had been heard;  
Under's royal prerogatives,  
Had rais'd a force of relatives;  
Ready fit for any action,  
That might spring from such transaction.

---

\* Alexander, the successor of Donald, who fought the battle of Harlaw.

† Dr. Robertson's *History of Scotland*.

He therefore makes an army scud  
To stop Donald Balloch i' th' bud\*.  
Stewarts Earls of Mår and Caithness,  
As joint gen'als for his highness;  
With eagerness they march full speed,  
As if impell'd by hate and greed:  
At Ennerlochy† Donald met,  
The hosts in battle array are set;  
And now begins the bloody fray,  
Brave Donald Balloch gains the day.  
Stewart, earl of Caithness, is kill'd,  
Likewise much gallant blood is spill'd.  
The fugitives do in their course  
Meet the king coming with fresh force.  
This news, when told to Balloch's men,  
Makes many seek their homes again.  
The *catts*‡ turn tail and run away,  
Afraid to bide another day.  
Donald is forc'd to disband th' rest,  
And fly to Ireland as a guest.  
The king still thirsts to quench his ire,  
His execution does desire.

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\* Holinshed.—*Buchanan of Auchmar's Inquiry*.

† Near Fort William.

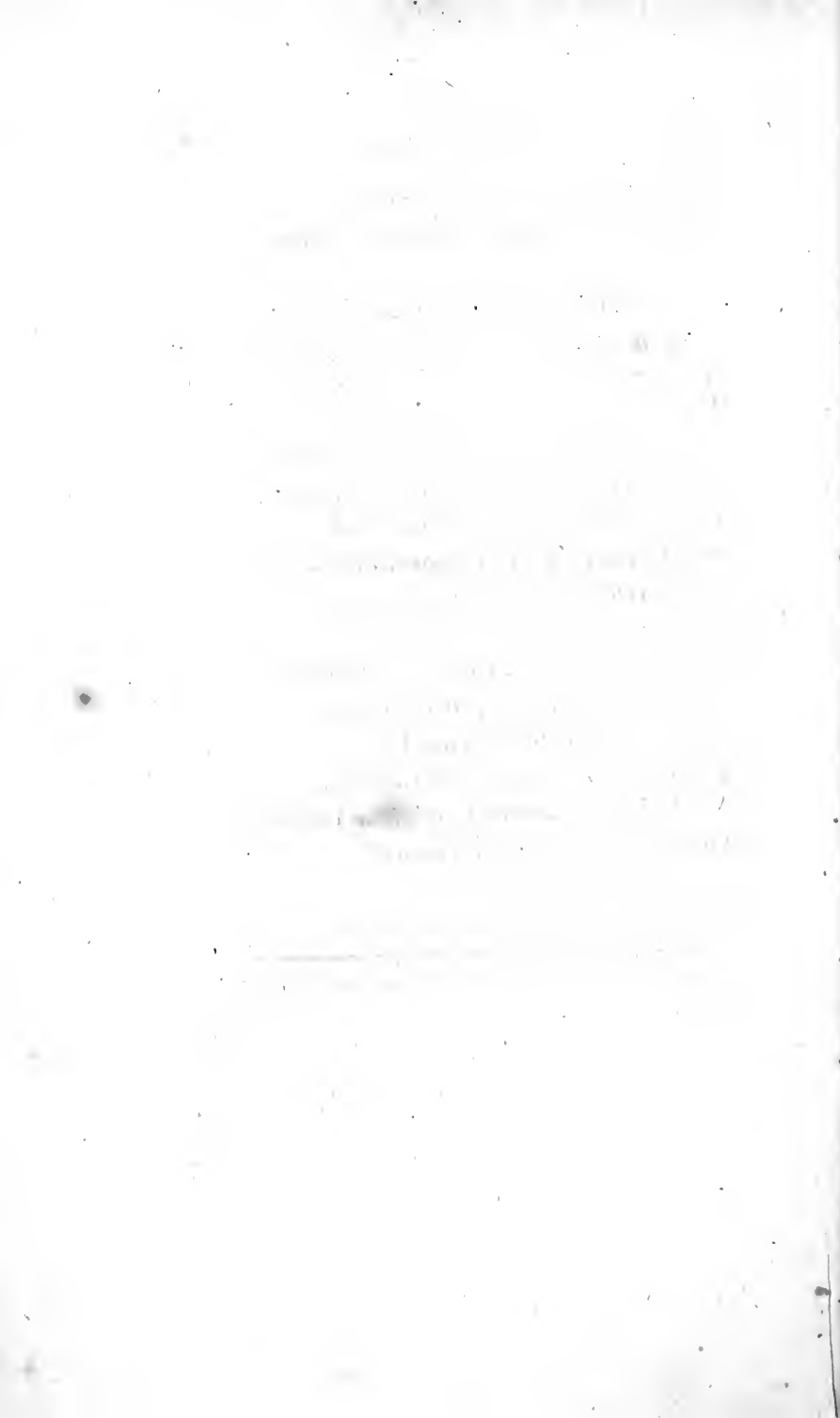
‡ The Clan Catti, or Macintoshes and Macphersons.

Hibernia gives a shameful grave,  
And thus does fall my Balloch brave.

Is this th' reward to Fingal's blood,  
Who in her cause the Danes withstood;  
And bravely fought for many a day,  
To stop their rude invading sway?  
The king now found that his pretence  
'Gainst Ross' Earldom void of sense;  
That to allege it was crown land,  
Would raise up ev'ry honest hand.  
He therefore me from prison frees,  
And so with me once more agrees.  
My hard fought Earldom he restores,  
And so farewell—I quit his doors:  
I hie me home, and do not long  
T' join another parli'ment throng.  
The king\* the crown land game pursues,  
Till an untimely death ensues;  
I for my own estate do care,  
And in his death I had no share.

---

\* James the First murdered in his bed by some of the chief nobility, in 1437.





A  
**KEPPOCH SONG.**

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**Canto Third.**

## Argument.

Connection with Huntly—The governor for James the Third again quarrels about the earldom of Ross—The king sends Athol against the Lord of the Isles, who surprises him—He submits, and goes to Edinburgh—Deprived of the earldom of Ross—The clan Macdonald divided into four branches—Death of James the Third—Extinction of the family of the Isles—Its property seized by King James the Sixth and the Reformers; and granted by Queen Anne to the brother of Campbell of Lochaw, now become Duke of Argyle.

## A KEPPPOCH SONG.

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### Canto Third.

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**G**REAT Sumerleds, who did maintain,  
In days of old, the warlike strain;  
Who bravely fought for Bad'noch ground,  
And made the mountains echo round:  
Unable Sax'n foe to restrain,  
Your great endeavours nearly vain!  
Be pleas'd to hear my humble lay,  
Relate, alas! the decline of day.

Th' name of Comyn almost no more,  
Their desolate ruin I deplore;  
With their fall'n state I sympathize,  
And forget old animosities,  
With new neighbour Huntly I do make  
An alliance, and for its sake

His daughter take I for my wife\*,  
'Stead of receiving I do give.  
" Huntly—my neighbour you're become,  
Be my friend—guarantee my home;  
Strathbogie I assure to you,  
Against whatever may ensue.  
As Badenoch I ne'er did quit,  
And Comyn now has lost his right;  
His part of it I give to thee,  
By this service to hold of me:  
Hold the stirrup for me and mine,  
On Badenoch lang may you dine."  
Huntly bows, the service is done.  
And to this day enjoys the boon†.

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\* "Alexander, designed Earl of Ross, Kintyre, and Inchgal,  
or West Isles, was married to the Earl of Huntly's daughter,  
of which marriage he had three sons, John, his successor;  
Hugh, first of Sleat, ancestor of Sir Donald Macdonald (now  
Lord); and, as most assert, Alexander, ancestor of Glengary."  
—*William Buchanan of Auchmar's Inquiry*.

† Tradition has handed down, to the present day, this man-  
ner of granting Badenoch to Huntly, with the fealty required,  
concerning which the writer begs leave to mention an inci-  
dent, as told to himself. One morning, soon after the mar-  
riage of the present Duke with her late grace, a stranger, on  
horseback, appeared at Gordon castle, inquiring, "Is Sandie  
Gordon within?" The servants, surprised at such an unusual  
mode of inquiry, ran to acquaint her grace, who now came

After a long minority,  
James the Second takes authority;  
The crown lands continue the bone,  
'Gainst the old nobles of contention.  
To guard against this invasion  
Of our rights by th' allegation,  
Of court fav'rites, who would wish,  
By such, themselves forward to push;  
I am now forc'd, by this pretence,  
To join in league of self-defence\*,  
With Earls Douglas, Crawford, Murray,  
With whom the king soon rais'd a hurry;

---

forward to the window, to see who it might be. The stranger observing her, asked her, "Is Sandie Gordon within?" Her grace now finding words to vent her indignation, replied, "No, he's not within; he would be called the Duke of Gordon by a better fellow than you, so get you gone." The stranger, without saying a word, wheeled about his horse, and departed. The Duke coming in soon after, her grace informed him of what had happened, in terms indignant at the affront. The Duke then told her, that he understood Lord Macdonald was travelling that way, and most probably the stranger was he, and immediately ordered the carriage, into which he and his now astonished Duchess threw themselves, and overtook him at Elgin, or Forres, and earnestly requested him to return with them to Gordon castle, which he declined, and kept them to dinner with him.

\* Dr. Robertson's *History of Scotland*.

Douglas in war he does assail,  
But is not likely to prevail.  
Huntly's aid he seeks \*, the war's renew'd,  
And then Earl Douglas is subdued;  
Who Lorn's protection flies to take—  
Vide Scot's *Lady of the Lake*.  
Douglas' decapitation I mourn †,  
Such vile dissimulation spurn.  
At last the Douglas' rights restor'd,  
And the ruin falls on Lorn's lord ‡.

A minority now ensues,  
Th' governor the old trade renews;  
The earldom of Ross the quarrel,  
At me he now begins to snarl;  
Being flush'd with Douglas' overthrow,  
He hopes also to lay me low.  
Provok'd at such unceasing plague,  
On a pretence so false and vague;

---

\* Holinshed. William the Earl.

† Holinshed.

‡ The Lordship of Lorn was taken from its ancient Lord, Macdougall, and bestowed upon a Stewart. It now forms part of the vast property of the Duke of Argyle, by the marriage of an heiress

I forwards march to Inverness,  
And lo, it there does come to pass,  
That I th' king's house or castle burn;  
After this frolic I return.  
The governor thinks he's got a score  
To make the royal lion roar;  
But he the matter does defer,  
Until the king be fit to war.  
The king, of age, assumes the throne,  
Soon makes his ruling foibles known.  
He hopes to raise his fame in arms,  
By forcing me to his own terms.  
Athol he commissions to levy,  
A select force them to convey,  
Quite privately, to my own shore,  
A landing make at my own door.  
Athol's Earl is glad of orders,  
In hopes of adding to his borders;  
Forward he comes with friendly look,  
Under this mask, to conceal th' hook.  
T' him I give a courtly greeting,  
Glad of such a friendly meeting.  
Some of my train I do dismiss,  
Lest his attendants think amiss.  
With mirth and jovial feasting,  
I hope to make the friendship lasting;

But Athol now begins to show  
The sly designs that lurk below,  
And seizes a convenient season,  
To change my castle to a prison:  
Thus, by surprise, he me does take,  
Next tries my hostile mind to shake.  
“The King himself does now approach,  
And with strong force is within reach;  
Better for you now to submit,  
And trust the King for what is fit:  
Judge for yourself—were the case mine,  
I to the parli'ment would resign;  
Therefore to Edinbro' let's go,  
And do not show yourself a foe.”  
The pill, thus gilded, I do swallow,  
Th' specious counsel I do follow.  
I ne'er had learn'd deceit and guile,  
To cover malice with a smile;  
Where I did enmity profess,  
I did not, Judas like, caress.  
That I'm arriv'd, as soon as known,  
Into pris'n again I'm thrown;  
My case to parli'ment committed,  
With self-designing fav'rites fitted,  
Who hope on me to pick and carve,  
And feed at large, without reserve.



To the King I'm forc'd to resign  
My property—ev'n all was mine;  
Who the Earldom of Ross does keep\*,  
Annex'd to th' crown, to feed his sheep;  
Th' remains they restore as a fief,  
Held of the crown by ward and relief;  
I, as a servant, to turn the roast,  
Mine ancient independence lost.  
I, who, until the Stewart's rule,  
Had liv'd with sovereign controul,  
My title of Donald they do take,  
Forbid the clans another to make,  
And thereby break the ancient right†,  
Whereby my clans with me unite.  
Me from mine own blood they do part,  
Thereby to break my very heart;  
My own clan into four divide,  
That ancient order may subside.  
The four by seniority,  
Myself, without authority,  
Them I shall name, in order, hear ye,  
Keppoch, Clanranald, Sleat, Glengary:  
Thus the shoots from the root sever'd;  
Soon, alas! my stem is wither'd.

---

\* Holinshed.

† Act of Parliament, 1476.

Athol with Clovie is rewarded,  
 Its lands and forest to him awarded\*.  
 Th' royal vengeance being glutted,  
 Myself thus shap'n, shorn, and hooted,  
 I am let go to my old home,  
 A prey to anguish to become.  
 Even my spouse † me fails to bless,  
 I have no issue to caress.  
 My old alliance with England's Kings,  
 However, sometimes comfort brings ‡.

The King, who had me thus low made,  
 Continues still his pilf'ring trade;  
 'Gainst southern subjects next proceeds,  
 To seize their wealth to serve his needs;

\* The grant of Clovie was, in all probability, at the expence of Robertson of Strouan, he being Athol's neighbour. As it fared with the root and stem, so would it fare with the branches.

† John, last Earl of Ross, was married to a daughter of James, Lord Livingston, by whom he had no issue.

‡ The Kings of England kept up a friendly intercourse with the Lords of the Isles, down to Henry the Eighth, and until the extinction of the family, on account of their having favoured Balliol, and as a check on the Scots league with France, but more particularly to prevent them from assisting the Irish, as in former times.

Until they're forc'd to rise in arms,  
To save themselves from royal harms.  
Soon a title they do put on—  
“The Lords of the Insurrection.”  
With them the discontented join,  
Arbitrary will t' undermine.  
Huntly, wh' had been chief instrument  
In the Douglas' great detriment,  
Forgetful now of that sad story,  
Wheels about to Whig from Tory.  
The King now finds them up in arms,  
Ready and active like top swarms;  
Himself in arms does next appear,  
That he may stop their keen career.  
The parties now meet in the field,  
Where James the Third his breath does yield;  
Falls in a cause of his own wooing,  
Twelve years after my undoing\*.

Huntly, as the Scotch Warwick known,  
James the Fourth does raise to the throne;

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\* Suspicion, indolence, immoderate attachment to females, and many of the errors of a feeble mind, are visible in the conduct of James the Third; and his turbulent reign was closed by a rebellion of his subjects, being slain in battle in 1488.”—*Modern Geography*.

Hopes to better his condition,  
By adding some new partition.  
Both parties wink at his encroaching,  
Just as if it was not *poaching*.  
But when the King grows strong for war,  
He from him takes the Earldom of Mar:  
This prey he now is forc'd to quit\*,  
But farther north does spread his net†.  
The reign of Mary next presents  
To him more dire and sad events‡.  
But I was feeble, weak, and worn,  
By grief, depression, sadly torn;  
During this time my own home keep,  
Until, at last, extinct, I sleep;  
My estate convey'd to a grandson  
Of illegitimate extraction,  
Who, dying next without an heir,  
The court for mischief does prepare.  
Th' crown with my estate interferes,  
With arbitrary will and *sheers*;  
Against the ancient laws of the realm,  
Which always ought to steer the helm,

---

\* Dr. Robertson's *History of Scotland*.

† Ibid.

‡ Holinshed.

Succession give to th' next of line,  
That truth and justice may combine;  
Instead of that the crown does lay  
Its grasping hand on mine as prey:  
By James the Sixth, who wish'd his will,  
Should be thought divine rule and skill;  
Who did set up prerogative,  
To make the laws o' th' land abortive;  
That his royal will and pleasure  
Should be the rule of right and measure;  
To favour a court sycophant,  
Could th' true heir in line supplant.  
But now religion rules the day,  
And reformation bears the sway.  
I ne'er was prone to change opinion,  
Ne'er thought honesty out of season.  
When the Druid priests were slaughter'd,  
From their sacred places scatter'd,  
Them I receive, and do protect,  
Am not in haste to leave their sect.  
Then they're succeeded by Culdees,  
And next by Roman devotees;  
To whom, at last, I am inclin'd,  
And with their tenets charge my mind.

A benefactor oft to Paisley\*,  
And the founder of Sanda Abbey.  
Now the times 'are turn'd from Catholic,  
Monks, they say, belong to *Auld Nick*.  
Th' Catholic faith is thus thrown down,  
Abbeys and churches in one ruin;  
Lay reformation, as a sweep,  
The church doth brush, its wealth to keep.  
The Laity, who do not hive,  
They of their rights and means deprive,  
Think it no sin to wrong succession,  
Unless they sign their faith's confession.  
But my descendants, like myself,  
Adopt no change for worldly pelf;  
They are not known in James's court,  
Where new-fledg'd fav'rites do resort;  
And, basking in the royal ray,  
Grasp at the fortune of the day.  
My estate's to a fav'rite given,  
My heir in line from his right driv'n:  
Thus an *alien* gets my remains,  
One whom my very heart disdains;  
Who long had deadly hatred bore,  
And oft the same had shew'd before---

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\* Paisley Abbey.

Th' brother of him, who, at my cost,  
As Argyle's Duke was known to boast.  
Upon his death, Argyle, by the lump,  
Then gets the whole to prop his pomp;  
Patron for twenty-seven kirks\*,  
So much, reader, for cov'nant quirks.

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\* However active John Knox and his disciples were in demolishing every thing of Catholic structure, they were but poorly rewarded for it, the King and the reforming laity seizing upon the lands and other property of the church, and leaving the new pastors in a manner destitute, and almost depending upon the charity of their parishioners; and it is but of late that the church of Scotland (speaking of it in general terms) may be said to be decently provided for. The General Assembly, by their unanimous vote of last year, in support of the Catholic claims, may be said to have acknowledged the impropriety of some of the reforming measures, and of mixing things temporal with spiritual. The reforming laity forgot that he that serveth the altar should live by it, and were mindful only of reducing the clergy to their primitive indigence, taking from them *purse* and *scrip*. Religion being purely of a spiritual nature, refers to a future state. To debar, therefore, our fellow subjects from the exercise of their active or constitutional rights, because they are of different religious sentiments, is a species of persecution utterly inconsistent with religious liberty, and may be said to be an encroachment upon the attributes of the Supreme Being—the only competent Judge of the matter, or of conscience. As the taxes are equally levied upon every subject, without regard to religious opinions; and as property is a necessary qualification for holding a seat in the legislature, it is but just that due regard be paid

My misty shade to Keppoch flits,  
Pensive on Milroy's heights it sits;

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to it. As it is a maxim of our constitution that the people cannot be taxed but by a vote of the House of Commons, their representatives; and as Catholics, on account of religion, are not eligible as representatives, and, by means of religious oaths, are also disqualified from voting, it, of course, follows, that as they have no voice in laying on these burdens, they ought to be exempted from all taxation, and the taxes should be levied wholly upon Protestants, who alone form the legislature, and who alone are capable of holding situations of high trust and emolument. Parliament not being a religious, but a lay assembly, and deliberating chiefly upon temporal matters, all denominations of subjects should be eligible for admission, and have an equal participation of rights, as all are equally affected.

Had Britain, when she insisted upon a right to tax her colonies, offered, at same time, an union and participation of rights, and to admit American representatives into her legislature, an unnatural war, and an enormous waste of blood and treasure, might have been prevented, and America might be now forming an integral part of the British empire.

Our constitution is not the result of theory and speculation, but of practice and experience; and it is but going on to perfection. Under this position, therefore, conciliatory measures with America may, at some future period, have due effect, and a final termination be put to all trans-atlantic disputes. It is but proper that Britain should reflect how many have been forced to emigrate on account of non-conformity and religious disputes, and how many have been forced into exile to make room for *sheep*.

But the Speaker of the House is willing that the Catholics



Reflecting on misfortunes past,  
Anticipates another blast.

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have the free enjoyment and exercise of their religion, as well as the due use and succession of their property, while, from zeal and regard for the protestant succession and interest, he is unwilling to admit them to the full benefit of British subjects. But this is not worth a moment's consideration, as the few catholics who could make their way into the legislature would be next to nothing, in comparison of the whole, and their admission would do away a grievance, and, at same time, would promote union and concord. But a member is against admission, from the fear (perhaps prophetic) that claims or petitions may be preferred by catholics to property now held by protestants. If the protestants acquired their property in a fair and honourable way, they have no ground for fear; but if they acquired it at the expence of honesty, by dispossession, or by a violation of the rights of succession, though sanctioned or given by the crown, surely no conscientious protestant will regret their being deprived of it; for, I trust, it will never be held a maxim in law, that British honour and justice can be prescribed. I would not, for a moment, entertain so injurious an idea of the Speaker, as to suppose him of such sentiments.

It must appear a curious phenomenon in the page of history, that, while Great Britain is daily expending her national resources at the prodigious rate of above two millions a week, accompanied with an equal ratio of loss of blood, in support of catholic princes, their subjects, and interests; that, amid all this generosity abroad, Great Britain cannot afford to be just to her catholic subjects at home; or, are we to suppose that foreign and domestic catholics are not to be received in the same light, and that we make use of some foreign ca-

tholics, to oppose our other more bitter catholic enemies the French.

I have not the most distant idea of arraigning the conduct of administration, for supporting Spanish and Portuguese interests, or for assisting foreign nations or allies in a general point of view; on the contrary, I think such assistance truly consistent with British honour and dignity, and fervently hope that such measures may tend to the safety and general welfare of Europe, while the highly magnanimous conduct and persevering resolution of Great Britain will shine forth as a blazing star to the historian. But perhaps some member of the legislature, or the Attorney-general, may tell me that such high topics do not become one of my low station, and, by mentioning the word *Bridewell*, may suggest that other employment may be found for me.

The oaths of qualification have long been a stumbling-block to the consciences of even many protestants, and, I am afraid, have tended to weaken the ideas of the sacred nature, and obligations of an oath. If I may be allowed to express my opinion, I think the oath of allegiance to his present Majesty, and the heirs of his body, lawfully begotten, to the remotest posterity, might serve for all; for I do not wish to make myself a judge of another man's conscience.

Perhaps it may be necessary for the writer here to say, that he is a protestant, and was baptized by a minister of the church of England; but he is a bigot to no sect, and a friend to religious liberty, whose weapons, he hopes, will never be other than truth and fair dealing.

A

# KEPPOCH SONG.



*Canto Fourth.*

## Argument.

Address to Donald Balloch—Contentions among the Clans—  
The battle of Milroy—The superiors disappointed in their  
application to King William to grant them letters of fire and  
sword—Sheriff-muir—Expulsion from Keppoch—Conse-  
quent depression and poverty—Walter Scott.

## A KEPPPOCH SONG.

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### Canto Fourth.

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**B**RAVE Donald Balloch, peace to thy shade!  
Thy Ennerlochy laurel will not fade;  
Fraternal love did trace thy nervous arm,  
And zeal to save a brother's state from harm.  
By treachery alone wast thou subdued,  
And Hibernia in thy blood embrued.  
But Antrim's Countess will thy grave bestrew  
With Flora's garlands, cull'd with morning dew:  
Earls O'Neal and Fingal, humane and just,  
From cold contempt will screen thy humble dust.  
Even Earl Londonderry, with regret,  
Will ponder over thy untimely fate.  
Earl Ormond's pity, see, the tear doth bring,  
Leinster himself will deign a requiem sing,  
Whilst brave Percy, in the Elysian fields,  
Doth find thy converse to him pleasure yields;

Whilst the fifth Henry will with them combine,  
And bitter resentment in the grave confine.  
Earl Douglas' fate doth him to you endear,  
And Comyn hastes the desponding gloom to chear;  
But who will mourn Keppoch's eclipse of day,  
The sad events that wait my mournful lay?

No longer Donald's mighty name  
Doth wake the lyre, inspire the theme;  
But, mould'ring in the silent dust,  
Th' sport of a court's decree unjust.  
The lands a prey—the title itself  
Is ta'en by the Prince of Wales himself.  
He clans to independence rears,  
Whilst hopes of prey and conquest cheer.  
First Maclean a pretence doth seek,  
Whereby to smite Clan Donald's cheek;  
Unmindful who put on his trews,  
Havock hence, and blood-shed ensues.  
He first on Sleat lets fall his ire,  
Th' breach to heal is tried by Kintyre.  
The peace-maker himself does find  
Maclean to him hostile inclin'd;  
To which is added fraud and guile,  
Maclean spares neither speech nor wile.

Destruction mutual is brought,  
Revenge on each by th' other sought;  
Hence, houses burnt, and lands laid waste,  
The path by fire and sword is trac'd.  
After much slaughter on each side,  
Which, during five years did betide,  
Each party to keep th' peace is bound,  
Hostages to th' King being found.  
The other clans, as need doth serve,  
Their independence do preserve.  
To Keppoch now I turn my view,  
That melancholy theme pursue.  
Keppoch begot in sun-shine ray,  
Ere yet my strength had felt decay\*,

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\* Keppoch's descent has already been mentioned. In ancient times the castle of the Lord, or Baron, was the resort of all of any distinction, the rites of hospitality and courtesy to strangers being observed to a degree unknown to the present day, open table being kept for all who choose to come and partake. The immediate relations of the chief resided with him, forming one great family, until, from increase of numbers, the oldest in descent were sent out as a new colony;—hence Keppoch's taking possession of his patrimony does not occur until he is the third in descent, to make room for the rising family of Lady Margaret Stewart, by John, with whom he was contemporary; Keppoch's progenitor, Ronald, or Rannald, being the grand-uncle of John.—As Robert the Second began his reign anno 1371, the time of Keppoch's taking pos-

Grew up, and prosper'd in my sight,  
A goodly plant of prospect bright;  
Of courage true, and kind in heart,  
Did in these tumults bear no part;  
But frankly made his humble dome  
Th' wearied wand'ring stranger's home;  
And in his barn\* the feast prepares,  
The hospitable rights he shares,  
Whilst mirth and humour cheer the day,  
The social fire inspires the lay.

---

session of his patrimony may be reckoned from about that period. At that time the superiority and property of the whole of Lochaber, and the superiority of the whole, or, at least, of Upper Badenoch, was known and acknowledged to belong to the Lord of the Isles, of whom Keppoch's patrimony, consisting of the lands of Keppoch, or Glenspien, and Glenroy, in Lower Lochaber, about ten miles east of Fort William, were held by the elusory feu-duty of any thing Keppoch chose to give, and not by ward-holding, which required military service, and is now abolished; Keppoch's tenure, which was at that time uncommon, being now the only mode by which lands can be held.

\* Keppoch's barn, the writer has been told, was the largest in the West Highlands, and, upon all extraordinary occasions, was used as the place of meeting and feasting—the humble representative of the once great Lord of the Isles having no castle in which to receive its numerous descendants and vassals.



By stratagem and arch finesse,  
Can draw ev'n English to his place\*.

---

\* Keppoch being one time in England, chanced to dine at the house of a nobleman or gentleman of distinction, where there was a large company, a grand entertainment, with a fine service of plate. Among other articles were a pair of silver candlesticks, of fine workmanship, and of great value. The company greatly admired the candlesticks, but Keppoch made light of them. The gentlemen, jealous of the honour of old England, and indignant that a wild mountaineer of Scotia should presume to despise what all others admired so much, asked him if his country could produce a pair of more value. O yes! replied Keppoch, of much greater value. A bet was laid to a considerable amount, and two of the gentlemen appointed to accompany Keppoch, to decide the wager. On their arrival they see a plain table, well filled with the produce of the country, of which they are with great frankness invited to partake. The gentlemen seeing plenty of good cheer, but no candlesticks, eagerly asked for them. Keppoch coolly replied they would soon appear; presently after, two able-bodied men, dressed in the ancient Highland garb, and completely armed, appeared, each holding in his right hand a large blazing *flambeau* of *moss-fir*, giving a glare of light far stronger than two candles, who, with a cool and resolute air, took their station at each end of the table, in respectful silence. The gentlemen, struck with such an unusual and formidable appearance, gazed in mute astonishment at the candlesticks; at last, with a laugh, they acknowledged they had lost the bet, and that Keppoch's candlesticks were of far greater value. Keppoch, pleased with the success of a stratagem by which he had drawn two gentlemen from England to visit the braes of Lochaber, released them from the obligation of the wager, and the gentlemen departed, well pleased with Highland hospitality.

And them, by friendly feast, let know,  
The modes that former times did show.  
Can sound how a friend's pulse doth beat,  
How he will bear a loss or cheat\*.  
Thus in his place his time he spends,  
And to his neighbour no woe sends;  
Contented with his ancient seat,  
His patrimonial retreat,  
He does not sound a martial charge,  
In hopes his border to enlarge;

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\* Keppoch had kept a number of cattle at grass, for some time, belonging to Mr. Forbes of Culloden, and, wishing to be rid of them, sent a man to tell Culloden that an enemy had made an inroad, and carried off his cattle, and, therefore, he could not return them. Culloden, who seems to have known something of Keppoch's humour, ordered the man to be well entertained, and, at departing, gave him a piece of money, as if he had brought him agreeable intelligence. The man, on his return, told Keppoch how he had been received, and added that he could not find in his heart to deceive so kind a disposition; and, therefore, if Keppoch did not restore the cattle, he would go back and tell that he had them. Keppoch smiled; and, being satisfied with the trial of the temper of both, sent him back to tell that the cattle were now found, and to send for them. Culloden had made a practice of this for some time, which Keppoch wished to be rid of, as he was made responsible, while he had little or nothing for it; and he and his people had cattle enough of their own for their grass. Culloden seems to have retained a grudge at Keppoch on this account.

But, free from strife and hostile fears,  
Successive generations rears.  
Thus near *four hundred* years roll on,  
A prosp'rous sun had on him shone;  
But now dark clouds bedim his days,  
And intercept the cheering rays.  
Macintosh\*, with envious eye,  
Beholds this pleasing serene sky;  
T' extirpate Keppoch from his ground,  
He plans, and soon a scheme is found;  
From government he does obtain  
An armed force, his own to sustain,  
Under Mackenzie of Suddy's command,  
Who briskly leads his heroic band.  
Soon with Toshach's party they join,  
Whom they find twelve hundred in line.  
The joint force now bravely advance,  
Over the hills they quickly dance;  
To Keppoch's border onwards go,  
While music cheers th' assailing foe:  
Hope of plunder their minds doth feast,  
Each man thinks what will please him best.

---

\* Of Macintosh, now Sir Æneas.

Old Coll of Keppoch\* soon does hear  
That this invading foe draws near;  
His danger views, his all at stake,  
Must he his ancient home forsake?  
Expell'd his land, as vagrant driy'n,  
Nothing left save th' blessing of heav'n,  
He calls to mind his ancient sires,  
Their martial glory him inspires;  
His friends he rouses from each glen,  
Somewhat more than six hundred men;  
Eager they fly to meet his call,  
Soon do they throng his humble hall:  
The hospitable boards are spread,  
Domestic comforts open are laid.  
The silent chief, with placid eye,  
Beholds the store, then heaves a sigh;  
God's blessing crav'd, 'My friends partake  
Of this repast now for my sake.'  
He said no more. Then each intent,  
Regales himself to his content;  
Whilst silence through the whole pervades,  
Each thinks on his departed shades;  
Their mould'ring dust—his natal soil;  
A mother's care—a father's toil.

---

\* The writer's maternal great-grand-father.

The hospitable rite now clos'd,  
Each man steps forth with looks compos'd;  
Soon do they muster up in line,  
A son by's sire, their fate to combine.  
A circle form'd, their aged chief  
Strives to suppress his anxious grief;  
His bosom heaves with painful thought,  
How dear their safety must be bought;  
Anticipates the fall of friends,  
What blood-stain'd hearths defeat portends;  
He looks around—he waves his hand,  
And thus address'd his warlike band:—  
“Children, brethren, kinsmen, friends,  
Courage to th' cause that's just God sends.  
Behold your chief, his furrow'd cheeks,  
His thin grey hair, that rest now seeks.  
Feeble and old, must I the sword grasp?  
My shield put on, my girdle clasp?  
My feeble limbs shall I run to save?  
Perhaps now are stumbling on th' grave?  
Alas! no choice to us is left,  
Our swords we must draw, else bereft  
Of our lov'd homes—our blythe fire sides  
Expos'd t' th' evils exile betides;  
We, wand'ring, seek our daily bread,  
Stript of our flocks that round us feed:

Such doleful prospects heav'n avert!  
Courage, my friends, let's act our part;  
As men let's fight, or sleep in dust—  
May heav'n befriend the cause that's just!"  
The aged chieftain ceas'd to speak;  
His sword he draws—Heav'n's aid does seek;  
His men th' example quick obey,  
Their line they form, then shape their way;  
A last sad look of home they take—  
Their dear abodes shall they forsake?  
But, mindful of the name they bear,  
Soon does courage soar above fear.  
The pipes do play a cheerful strain—  
"*Lochaber once more--my Jean remain.*"  
The sun dispels the clouds to view,  
Th' cheerful, intrepid, warlike few.  
Now descending Milroy's height,  
Quickly the foe appears in sight:  
Keppoch now halts on his frontier,  
Calmly he waits, the foe comes near;  
Toshach now halts, the band he views,  
Extends his line, his numbers shews.  
Suddy his reg'lars puts in array,  
Ready to begin th' dreadful fray;  
Toshach exulting in his throng,  
His numbers more than doubly strong;

Contemptuous views old Keppoch's force,  
Trusts that each man will fall a cor'se;  
A glorious vict'ry he anticipates,  
On Coll's land as his own ruminates;  
The force before him as destin'd prey,  
Th' laurel of this glorious day.  
Eager he gives the sign to engage,  
Loudly exclaims in hostile rage.  
Keppoch finding no hopes of peace  
Were likely to come, blood-shed cease,  
Views his few, but resolute band  
With calm aspect, raising his hand.  
Children, remember you're my blood;  
Think not the foe an o'erwhelming flood;  
Great Fingal's name bear in your mind,  
Your lov'd abodes, your fire-sides kind;  
Your hearts and hands bravely combine,  
Keppoch's lands be to me and mine!  
The battle rages on the field,  
Brave men, alas! their breath do yield.  
Th' Keppoch men death do not fear,  
Arm'd with the thought of all that's dear;  
Their minds enrag'd against the foe,  
Death follows almost every blow.  
Toshach's line now broke through and thro',  
Vainly tries the same to renew.

Remorse of conscience strikes their mind,  
Quaking of heart the hirelings find.  
Mangled heaps of bodies they see,  
Death each moment stares in their e'e;  
They now bethink themselves of flight,  
Terrified with th' furious fight;  
Routed, they now from the field run,  
Deeply regretting they begun:  
Brave Suddy on the field does lie,  
Great many more around him die.  
The heaps they collect—in earth they lay,  
Soon t' revolve into mother clay;  
Toshach too a pris'ner is ta'en,  
Brought to Keppoch upon the green;  
For life from him he humbly sues,  
In pitious moans the suit renews;  
Vows he will never try to expel  
Keppoch from either hill or dale;  
All claim to his lands he does renounce\*,  
Homeward then he's allow'd to trounce.

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\* The writer cannot find out the origin of Macintosh's pretensions to the superiority of the lands of Keppoch—"He, as well as the Camerons, and most other neighbouring clans, while the family of Macdonald continued in a flourishing condition, were dependents on the same. But after the extinction of that great family, each of these clans came into an independent state, setting up upon all occasions for themselves."



Such vict'ry, Britannia ay gain;  
O'er her en'mies on land—on main!  
Th' subsequent year a change does show,  
Th' Stuart as exile is forc'd to go;  
Even to abdicate his throne,  
Th' Prince of Orange as king is known.

---

Macintosh, encouraged by the injustice of the reformers, set himself up as a chief paramount, forcing his weaker neighbours to acknowledge his superiority, *vi et armis*, or by expulsion, seizing their lands. They were the more readily induced to submit to him, to secure themselves against the pretensions of the family of Huntly, he being by far the most ancient landholder of the two. By these means it is probable Keppoch had been forced to acknowledge his superiority, and hence the contentions which prevailed for a long time between him and the family of Huntly, by a series of robberies, ravaging, and plunder. Macintosh also, to cover his proceedings with a semblance of law, set up for himself a Steward court, for the abolition of which, in 1747, he claimed £5000, though but a part of the county of Inverness, while but £2000 was asked for the abolition of the heritable jurisdiction of the whole county, and but £3000 for the county of Aberdeen—a proof of the disposition of the Macintosh of that period, and that he secretly relied on his neighbour and connection, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, then Lord President of the Court of Session, to the arbitration or decision of which court these claims were referred; but the Lord Advocate having been duly cautioned as to the competency of these claims, after a certain period of Scotch history, his demand was rejected in toto.

Th' clans, who to the Stuart had sworn,  
Thought an oath no matter of scorn;  
Ignorant of the country's cause,  
*Breach of faith*—vi'lation of laws;  
Forget the Stuarts' arbitrary sway,  
William they resolve not to obey:  
Ancient ties of blood call to mind,  
Him an object of pity find.  
While those who basked in his smile  
Are now the first him to beguile;  
Forgetful of the Stuarts' grants,  
William they hail as chief of saints.  
Th' superiors\* again th' plan renew,  
How they may th' vassals o' th' Isles pursue;  
Solicit the King them to grant  
*Letters of fire and sword*—the saint  
The horrible suit does refuse,  
But *money* sends to purchase their vows†;  
Ev'n ten thousand pounds of hard cash,  
Hopes they'll own his cause, give no fash;  
To Earl Breadalbane th' money's sent,  
He th' clans of it does circumvent.  
They being arm'd, strict guard do keep,  
Suffer not vigilance to sleep.

---

\* Sir J. Dalrymple's Memoirs.

† Ibid.

Th' superiors, gaping for their prey,  
Do still th' King ply, craving to say *yea*.  
Thus gapes th' fox, th' sheep to swallow down,  
But the *dog* barks, discovers th' *loon*.  
Three years roll on in this *tod* state,  
Keppoch for peace does offer to treat;  
Next t' government offers to submit,  
To acknowledge, though new, its form fit:  
Th' offers to ministry are sent up,  
Who joyfully receive th' proffer'd cup:  
A day's appointed th' oath for to take,  
Submission to revolution make:  
But Glenco was a day too late,  
Th' Campbells having come his bread to eat;  
Which, represented to the King,  
Midnight massacre on him does bring.  
Th' horrid deed th' King's mem'ry does stain,  
He but the tool for malice and gain\*.  
Th' superiors thus lose their aim,  
Keppoch's policy crossing their game;

---

\* The warrant for the massacre of Glenco was signed by the King above and below; but he was imposed upon, to gratify the malice and private revenge of the Campbells, who hoped, by a complete massacre of the inhabitants, to obtain possession of the Glen.—*Vide Sir J. Dalrymple's Memoirs.*

But Earl Breadalbane, though no grounds,  
Finds he has got ten thousand pounds\*.  
Keppoch th' peace with Toshach to keep,  
That discord may for ever sleep,  
Craves Toshach t' give his son a wife,  
And begin a new scene of life;  
But he th' offer treats with disdain,  
Hence sterility with him does remain†.

---

\* After the submission of the clans, through the gratuitous medium of Keppoch, Breadalbane was questioned by the ministry how he had disposed of the money; he replied, "that did not signify between friends," and so, as it would appear, kept all the money to himself, this being all the satisfaction the ministry got.—*Sir J. Dalrymple's Memoirs*.

† The successor of the Milroy, Macintosh, renewed Keppoch's grant, and, at same time, that nothing on Keppoch's part might be wanting to fulfil the feudal system, he offered to take, as a wife for his son, any near relation of Macintosh, he might be inclined to give; but this proposal was scornfully rejected. Keppoch, as if indued by the spirit of prophecy, or *second sight*, so famous in the Highlands, said to him, as he was leaving his house, that neither he nor any future laird of Macintosh, should beget an heir, which has been duly fulfilled, the present being the third in succession that has failed in this respect. The present Lady Macintosh has travelled the kingdom, consulting doctors and mid-wives, exhausting the materia medica, and swallowing quack medicines, in hopes of having children, but without success. Thus has the displeasure of Heaven been shown; and though M'Intosh, since 1715, has been in possession of part of the lands of Keppoch, he has not transmitted them to an heir of his own body.

Twenty-four years' peace th' clans enjoy,  
After which evils them annoy.  
For support of th' Stuart a scheme's tried,  
Deep has been the fall that did betide.  
Earl Mar his friend Oxford to screen,  
Does plan a rising with mind keen;  
Th' charge 'gainst Oxford to nothing may lead,  
And thereby save his friend in need:  
The which himself does implicate,  
Therefore he's careless of his fate.  
The Scotch nobles he does assail,  
And with sixteen he does prevail,  
Besides Earls Marischal and Strathmore,  
Tullibardine and Huntly encore.  
Himself he assures of each man  
Belonging to a Highland clan.  
In such a case there's no choice left—  
Keppoch must join, or else bereft  
Of all that to him does pertain,  
For neuter he cannot remain.  
All neighbours he cannot resist,  
Him as foe they would assail first.  
Old ties of blood he must revere,  
And sympathetic feelings bear;  
Hopes may also his mind possess,  
Of ancient wrongs, to obtain redress;

Argyle appointed to command,  
On government's part to make the stand;  
Him as an en'my he must deem,  
For ancient wrongs as just doth seem:  
Th' reigning family to him unknown,  
No *personal enmity* therefore shown.  
Could he foresee, under their sway,  
That strict justice would rule the day?  
Mar's sly springs of action unknown,  
Such an example by th' nobles shown:  
If religion may have a share,  
Himself and clan catholics were.  
Forward therefore he goes with th' rest,  
At Sheriff-muir valour's express'd\*;  
There he, alas! as pris'ner is known,  
Also his youngest brother John;

---

\* A body of 1500 of the rebels had advanced to Preston, and, by a sudden retrograde movement of the rest of the rebel army, without giving them notice, they were left there. The writer has reason to think that this detachment was under the command of Angus Macdonald of Keppoch, assisted by his youngest brother John. He, finding himself almost surrounded, a retreat impracticable, and no prospect of assistance, to spare the useless effusion of blood, surrendered to Generals Carpenter and Willis. This happened three days prior to the battle of Sheriff-muir.

Which their descendants may regret,  
For they still feel their adverse fate.  
Angus for nine months in pris'n lies,  
And then he's freed from jailors' ties\*;  
Dismiss'd from prison, nothing left—  
Of lands, cattle, every thing bereft,  
Save what clothes he had on his back:  
Such, alas! is now th' painful wreck;  
All which to th' superior revert,  
As if he'd acted in concert;  
All this giv'n by th' parli'ment's voice,  
As if th' superiors deserv'd th' slice,  
Thus what William refus'd t' their scourge,  
Is now granted them by King George†.

---

\* His youngest brother John, with the rest of the clan, were sentenced to transportation for seven years, and to serve that time as slaves; but John was, somehow, made an overseer over so many blacks. One day, when overpowered with heat and fatigue, he sat down to rest him, and fell asleep. The slaves assembled round him, and entered into a consultation to kill him, but he awaking, they all ran away, exclaiming, *No kill Massa, no kill Massa*. On the expiry of his time, a lady of his own name insisted much on his remaining in the country, which he was unwilling to do, as he had left a wife and two children at home. She was then pleased to give him money to defray his passage home, so that he was not obliged to remain there to earn it. On his arrival, he found his wife and one of his children dead.

† Of the justice and expediency of such an act, little needs

Now may they glory in their aim,  
As they've got full scope of the game.  
The vassals now the worst do know,  
Vengeance may pray for on their foe;

---

be said. Earls Marischal, Perth, Kilmarnock, &c. may be called *honest* rebels, while the Dukes of Athol, and Gordon, and Macintosh, &c. are rewarded for the concurrence and malversations of their sons, brothers, and connections: thus Tullibardine, the son of Athol, appears in 1715; and in 1745 his brother, Lord George Murray, is a principal ring-leader. Again Huntly appears in 1715; and in 1745 Lord Lewis Gordon, the brother of the Duke, acts a leading part for the Stuart, and has the command in Aberdeenshire, &c. The writer has reason to believe that the Brigadier-general Macintosh, who, in the service of the Pretender in 1715, had the command of the citadel of Leith, which, when summoned to surrender, he replied, "He would hold out to the last extremity, and neither give nor take quarter," was the Brigadier Macintosh of Borlum, and a near relation, as the present Borlum is brother to the present Macintosh. But in '1747 the legislature saw its error, and this act was repealed. Angus, on his release from prison, could not venture to return to Keppoch, to attempt to save any thing, the lands being in the hands of those claiming superiority, who seized every thing: hence the whole property of the family, furniture, paper, records, &c. became *one total loss*. The farm or town on which the brothers settled was a part of the estate of Belville, belonging to Macintosh of Borlum, whose successor turned out so ill, that, after being charged with robberies, and even murder, he was forced to sell the property, and quit that part of the country. Belville is now the property of James Macpherson, Esq.



Now th' vassal is turn'd out to weep,  
And the fox made guard of the sheep.  
Thus to th' superior a lure's given,  
That t' rebel his vassals be driv'n.  
Angus releas'd t' Badnoch does go,  
His brother\* receives him in his woe;  
In conjunction a farm they take,  
On Borlum's land a living to make,  
By hard labour and industry—  
Sad th' change from former prosperity!  
Here do they for twenty-one years  
Toil for support, and check their tears.  
About this period Angus dies,  
And Alexander in mis'ry lies;

---

\* His younger brother Alexander, the writer's maternal grandfather, was not concerned in Sheriff-muir. He was, on his way forward, met by a gentleman in Badenoch, Macintosh of Balnespick, who, recognising him, asked him whither he was going. He told him, to join his brothers. "You shall not," replied Balnespick; "there are already enough of the family concerned; the event is very doubtful; and you shall remain with me until it is known." With this good advice he complied. The family of Balnespick appear to have been very worthy people. He afterwards married Bathie, or Sophia (the Highlanders consider both names as the same) Macpherson, a near relation of Evan Macpherson of Cluny, of 1745. His eldest daughter, the writer's mother, was named Helen, after Balnespick's daughter; another was named Margaret, after his sister.

By disease he lost all his horse\*,  
Th' farm to manage he has no force;  
Th' landlord th' cattle seizes for his rent†,  
And thus, by adverse fate, he's bent;

---

\* Thirteen in number died in the course of one summer, of an infectious distemper which prevailed among the horses of that district.

† For the following Martinmas half-year's rent, one calf only excepted. Borlum then said to him, "Sanders, you are not now able to keep your farm; you will need to give it up, and come near to myself, and hold one of my ploughs, and oversee the rest." With this he was forced to comply, and continued for about five or six years in that menial situation, till worn out with labour and depression of mind; and a great scarcity or famine arising in that part of the country, he found himself unable to earn a living for his family, and so was forced to leave the country. A friend in Peterhead having heard of his depressed circumstances, had sent him word to come to him. To him he sent his wife and children. He himself went to Inverness, where he had some friends; and, in about the space of two months, fell sick and died, about two years before Culloden. On the arrival of his wife and children at Peterhead, they found the friend dead, on which his wife retired to the neighbouring parish of Cruden, where a farmer gave her leave to have a cottage built for herself; and there she resided till within a few years of her death, and brought up her children, a son and four daughters. The Countess of Errol, the last of the name and family of Hay, on understanding what she was, was pleased to protect her, and to show much kindness. Her son, when about eighteen years of age, was serving as an apprentice on board a vessel belong-

Till friendly death does close his toils,  
And earth he quits for heavenly smiles.

Doth Scotia gratitude return;  
Say, what's the reward for Bannockburn?  
Five centuries of time have roll'd;  
Where's now the Lord of the Isles so bold?

---

ing to Peterhead. The captain having his two sons pressed, made a private paction with the officer of the press to let go his two sons, and take his apprentices, which was done. The Countess of Errol was highly offended at this treachery, and wrote, and used all her interest to get him released, but without success. He served seven years on board the navy. He was on board the *Defiance*, a 64 gun-ship, in the action off Minorca, under Admiral Byng, for which that admiral was shot. The *Defiance* leading the van, had to sustain the fire of the whole French fleet. He was afterwards at the taking of Cape Breton, Crownpoint, and Quebec, in all which severe service he received not one wound: it was his fate to die a more severe death. On the conclusion of the war, he sailed from America, as chief mate of a vessel for the West Indies. On the second voyage, the ship sprung a leak at sea, and being loaded with lumber, would not sink; and their provisions being under water, the whole ship's company died of hunger, the captain excepted, the writer's uncle being the last man that died. The captain was taken up about an hour after, at the last extremity, and, by administering cordials, with great care, he recovered his speech, so as to give account of the fatal accident, but not his health: he died the summer after. Angus left but one daughter, and is become extinct,

How fares it now with Angus' race,  
Surnam'd the Great for England's chace?  
Did he her free from Anglia's yoke,  
Her galling chain of slavery broke;  
Scotia's independence rear,  
And trembling Scots with freedom cheer:  
A victory the greatest give,  
Scotia e'er saw, could not conceive?  
Come Walter Scott, now pray attend;  
A willing ear to Ronald lend.  
Say who did break this blest concert,  
And rights successive controvert?  
Quick you will say 'twas John o' th Isles,  
Who Balliol met with friendly smiles.  
Then John the Third the theme renews,  
And Walter Scott he now pursues.  
To favour Balliol was no crime,  
'Gainst Scotia did no treason chime:  
Balliol the truest right possess'd,  
And Comyn's murder stands confess'd.  
Rival contention next does cease,  
And Bruce for Scots regains a peace.  
Balliol now is driv'n to leeward;  
John did kiss a Margaret Stuart:  
Blest harmony does reign around,  
Until Scot Stuart war does sound:

For filthy lucre breaks the bond,  
Ancient laws are now bemoan'd.  
Say now the cause of Harlaw dire,  
And why that waste of martial fire;  
Doth Ennerlochye laurels yield,  
Where kindred blood did stain the field:  
Say is it glory for the Scot,  
That faith and love be quite forgot;  
That Bannockburn should quite expire,  
By th' ruin of its potent sire?  
Doth Heaven prosper such events;  
Who can approve ingrate intents?  
What laurels spring on Flodden-field\*,  
No Ronald there the Scots to shield?  
Scotia, but the tool of France,  
A Norfolk's fame doth high advance:  
But still a Scott doth win the day,  
And Walter's purse attests the lay.

---

\* Flodden, or Flouden-field, where the Scots were defeated by the English, under the command of the Earl of Surry, Earl Marshal of England; James the Fourth, with the flower of the Scottish nobility, being slain in the action, anno 1513. In consideration of this, and other gallant services, Surry had the title of Duke of Norfolk restored to him.—*British Plutarch*.

Doth Heaven prosper mean abuse,  
What mighty fame from Pinky-house\*?  
The Scots full scope for glory had,  
No Ronald there to make them sad.  
But English minds disdain mean ends,  
On Somerset high fame attends.  
War hath now ceas'd its boist'rous rule,  
Doth Walter send the Scots to school?  
Doth he now Ronald raise to life?  
From whence doth spring this newborn strife  
Doth Walter now point out, in scorn,  
Old Ronald's line, as Don of Lorn?

---

\* A treaty for the marriage of Mary, the young Queen of Scotland, to Edward the Sixth of England, had been ratified by the Regent and parliament of Scotland; but in a month after, the Regent suddenly renounced the treaty with England. In resentment of this perfidious conduct, the protector, therefore, the Duke of Somerset, prepared to carry on the war with vigour, which had been declared two years before, and marched into Scotland with 18,000 men, and published a manifesto, in which he urged many reasons to induce the Scots to consent to the marriage. Though the Scots brought near double the number of forces into the field, the English gained a complete victory, in the famous battle of Pinky, or Musselburgh, anno 1547. The Scotch had 10,000 slain, and the English not 200.—*British Plutarch*.

If it does not appear anti-patriotic, the writer might say this was a just punishment for the act part of forfeiture, anno 1540.

Must we now on his car be hung,  
As trophy by great Walter flung?  
Gra-mercy Wattie, may we look,  
And see how we're hung on the hook?  
Guineas two we can't afford you,  
Walter, see that we do'n't board you.  
Fam'd Bannockburn then on his lyre,  
Hath Walter hung to raise him higher.  
Ronald John then meets with Walter,  
Lets see who best deserves the halter.  
An old *penchant* for Bruce's sister,  
On Ronald's heart doth raise a blister.  
One spouse he gives, another's ready,  
We pray you, Hymen, keep us steady.  
Ronald now is well provided,  
As Walter's knight is confided;  
To Bannockburn he straightway goes,  
And for Bruce' sister slays the foes.  
Now Walter's Cupid gains the prize,  
Reasons of state are not of size;  
So Walter thus your work is done,  
How fares it now with Ronald John?  
Did Angus Moir on that fam'd day,  
To brother Ronald cheerly say,  
Dear brother, in mem'ry of this fight,  
That fame its trumpet may sound bright,

Two glens to you and your's we give,  
For Keppoch fame, Clan Ronald live!  
That when our's fail your's may succeed,  
So Bannockburn be still the meed.  
When Angus fail'd, come Scott, now tell us,  
What was the hap that did befall us.  
Angus you'd stript like plund'ring Roman,  
Himself as sold to trav'ling showman;  
His lands a prey to wayward Scots.  
And renegado Irish stots;  
Until misfortune taught you better,  
Through second Charles, the hare setter;  
To whom Nell Gwyn and other madams  
Did *spread* and *breed* like coney spadams;  
You then did think of grandson Donnell,  
Ennerlochy gave 'm for waist flannel;  
The which Clan Ronald for him sav'd,  
In spite of James the Sixth, that brav'd;  
Who, with *sturdy rung* reforming,  
Found Keppoch paw th' point of horning:  
Act after act 'gainst thieving passes,  
Hostages sought, as state jack-asses:  
The Scot forgot how he had stole  
The prior right of due control.  
'Twas but your plea for state trespassing,  
On headless Clans you still kept lashing.



Your honour abroad let run to rot,  
Did prey ignoble suit the Scot?  
So Walter now will you unken,  
With lion paw we'll take the pen?  
In the castle the grandson slept,  
Keppoch the watch securely kept;  
Until a contra castle's builded,  
As if it were t' have Keppoch gelded;  
The which you now do call Fort William,  
As if the Dutchman tried to heal him.  
Walter, still will you unkennel,  
Do take the law—we be the pannel?  
Two potent Dukes with Toshie cat,  
'Gainst Keppoch now with fury spat:  
Whig and Tory trigg\* united,  
How could Keppoch thus be righted?  
By Norman thief Ennerlochy's tak'n,  
Grandson, through death, had it forsak'n.  
Keppoch thus of right successive,  
Is depriv'd by force oppressive;  
But glad if he his glens can keep,  
He dares not whistle for his sheep.  
Next Hanover, with mighty ban,  
At Keppoch scowls, for being a clan.

---

\* Trigger.

At all hands poor Keppoch's baited;  
Scott looks up, seems more elated:  
A plunder'd exile now you drive 'm,  
No blessed hand dare help to thrive 'm.  
Still drive on your glorious car,  
And whirl us round your sport of war.  
A King's compromise next display,  
And o'er the nation win the day.  
Say, that King was still your depute;  
James th' Seventh by law did leap out:  
There was no Coke on Scottish bench,  
Illegal trouncing to retrench.  
Whirl'd so long, how great is Walter!  
We may now be thought to falter.  
Behold now how he's pleas'd to cut,  
And up for sale he doth us put;  
Decks us out with ancient laurel,  
Just to hide our ragg'd apparel;  
For louis d'ors now are we sold;  
Walter even takes British gold.  
This is still but the old Scot trick,  
Long have we been th' mart of traffic,  
Down to Anne and George seraphic. }  
Walter now where hast thou found us;  
At Inchgal hast thou now bound us?

Hast thou our old domains now sought,  
And hast thou rummag'd ev'ry cot?  
Well Walter still we spurn disguise,  
Dissimulating trick despise:  
On Carron side we exil'd sleep,  
For British honour sigh and weep.  
Kincardineshire independent spirit  
Will fan our hopes if we do merit.  
Scotia! fair maid, we own our vows;  
A nation's cause do not refuse.  
For thee we John of Lorn \* made join us;  
Walter, bethink thee how to dine us.

---

\* Lorn's hostility to Bruce was chiefly of a personal nature; for having stabbed Comyn Lord Badenoch, his relation, in a church, into which he had invited him to a conference, for an amicable adjustment. Bruce's sole excuse for this sacrilegious murder, was Comyn's refusal to break with Edward the First of England, to whom he had sworn allegiance. The reader will, of course, perceive that this happened some time prior to Bannockburn. Almost all the Scottish nobility, even Bruce himself, had sworn fealty to Edward, from a conviction that an union with England, on honourable terms, would be productive of the same beneficial consequences as at present. The motives of the Lord of the Isles' becoming the principal and chief actor in the battle, appear to have been of a patriotic nature, to prevent Scotland from being pillaged and treated as a conquered country, and not from any personal consideration, whether of love or safety, as it had ever been the ilberal and enlightened policy of the family to support the weak, and

Dost thou on us now smile benign;  
Will great Buccleugh invite's to dine;  
Will th' Highland Society join?  
A public spirit is our motion;  
Of crooked paths we have no notion:

---

to preserve a balance of power; for he well knew the English, for various reasons, would not attack him. The English had obtained a footing in Ireland: to have quarrelled with the Lord of the Isles would have endangered their acquirements there. Edward the First, though called an ambitious, was a politic, as well as brave Prince; and his sending his Queen to Wales to be delivered of her first child was praise-worthy, as flowing from humane motives. The celebrated Walter Scott has been pleased to assign a diminutive motive for the conduct of the Lord of the Isles, as if determined to adhere to ancient malevolence, envy, and meanness, whether consistent or not, which the writer must acknowledge to be in character, as neither success or conquest seem to have been capable of elevating the mind of a Scott or a Stuart above selfish actions, though some historians ascribe a forgiving disposition to Bruce. 'To have done any favour or service to a Bruce or a Stuart, seems but to have been the pretext for future aggression; and this mean and vindictive spirit against the Lord of the Isles and his representative, remains in force to this hour, verifying the old Scots proverb, "save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat." The writer by no means wishes this to be now understood in a general or national sense. The marriage with Lady Margaret Stuart seems to have been of a political nature, *pro tempore*, to secure a practicable accession to the crown.

We thus reject thy sister Bruce;  
 For us she may go crack a l—se:  
 Thou mayest send her to a convent;  
 Thy weak reason is insolvent.  
 Ross' heiress there so let her take,  
 Heiress Dunnottar their bread to bake,  
 A renegado for thy sake. }  
 So let them game at rattle shins;  
 We play not love with such nine pins.  
 Was there a hope to fill our coffer;  
 Why didst thou come to cross our proffer?  
 Still are we slic'd by thy old folks\*; }  
 Still are we huff'd by thy John Knox;  
 Seek another Jack o' the box. }  
 Walter, peace, we cannot mend thee;  
 Walter, grace, so Knox defend thee.  
 Let Bannockburn no more be nam'd;  
 Hath Walter Scott the Scots defam'd?

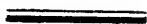
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\* Archibald, Earl of Cassilis, was served heir male of this ancient and noble family, having demonstrated that he was heir male of Gilbert, the first Lord Kennedy, who was grandson of King Robert the Third, and of David, grandson of the first Lord Kennedy, who was created Earl of Casillis in 1509. —*Edinburgh Magazine*, anno 1793. This family appears to be of illegitimate extraction, otherwise the name should be Stuart.



A

# KEPPOCH SONG.



*Canto Fifth.*

## Argument.

Address to Britannia—The writer travels to Keppoch—Events there since Sheriff-muir—Fatal Sisters—Address to John Bull ; or, Donald's rout—Address to his royal highness the Prince Regent.



## A KEPPPOCH SONG.

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### Canto Fifth.

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ALL hail Britannia, how great in arms!  
War has now ceas'd its hoarse and dire alarms:  
By thy great care at length is Europe free  
From Gallic chain and bloody anarchy.  
Th' rescued nations bless thy generous care,  
And British glory sings each foreign fair.  
Thy patience and thy persevering toil  
Is crown'd with success, and each babe may smile.  
Thy Howe, thy Nelson, and thy Wellesley's fame,  
Doth through the world thy glorious name proclaim.  
Fair victory enthron'd sits on thy brow,  
And allied Kings with grateful homage bow:  
Their thanks sincere with hearts expanded pay,  
See Emperors salute thy glorious day;  
See exil'd Bourbon now his throne ascends;  
See captive Ferd'nand to his palace tends;

See throngs of captives to their natal soil,  
With joyful hearts return, and placid smile;  
See each fond friend his relative embrace,  
With wistful eye the alter'd feature trace.  
Their grateful hearts with British praise loud sing,  
With glad hosannahs to th' Almighty King.  
While Heav'n its blessings, with unsparing hand,  
Doth pour on all, see plenty crown the land.  
God's wond'rous works let us then humbly view,  
And praise his providence, watchful and true;  
Who war hath hush'd, with all its frightful storms,  
And Europe now but one great family forms.  
See commerce now its genial hand apply,  
To cement th' friendship, and our wants supply.  
See cities now from heaps of ruins rise,  
And Saragossa's beauties charm our eyes.  
See now the fields the tiller's hand employ,  
And bounteous harvests fill the heart with joy.  
One chorus vast of universal praise,  
We now, with grateful hearts, to Heav'n do raise.

We next our hearts to Britain's Regent turn,  
And feel that we with grateful homage burn:  
We praise his counsels, and admire his skill,  
That out of chaos brings this peace tranquil:

Our grateful blessings we to him convey,  
And humble praises for his glorious sway.  
His ministers our grateful thanks do claim,  
Their arduous labours swell th' mighty theme:  
Our fleets, our armies, next our thanks employ,  
In one grand chorus sings th' national joy.  
But how shall Keppoch exiles join the strain,  
Depress'd with anguish, and o'ercome with pain.  
Providence we bless for good t' others giv'n,  
With tearful eye our hopes we breathe to Heav'n.  
Gone is our harp—how shall we raise the song?  
Fled are our joys—time does our griefs prolong.  
“By Babel's streams\* we sit, we mourn, we weep,”  
Our spoilers riot on our plunder'd sheep.  
They call for mirth, a song of us require;  
Oh! mournful thought, broke is the Keppoch lyre.  
How shall we Keppoch songs, in a strange land,  
Attempt to sing, and raise our drooping hand?  
“Remember Edom's children,” gracious Heav'n,  
In th' day, at last, of visitation giv'n;  
Who Keppoch structures have quite raz'd away,  
And into dark oblivion sunk our day;  
Who record, vestige trace, have quite defac'd,  
That Keppoch family may ne'er be trac'd.

---

\* Psalm cxxxvii

Vain hope, for guilt its indication leaves,  
To stamp his brow, who infamy conceives.  
False hope, for Heav'n retributive visits give;  
To teach mankind, eternal justice lives.  
So "daughters ye of Babylon," reflect,  
How ye the paths of rectitude reject.  
Think not that balls, routs, and assemblies may  
Quench conscience' flame, and drive dull thought  
away.

See the strait path of faith and truth ye keep,  
For honour stol'n in mould'ring dust will sleep.  
Th' distinction serves but to point out the way,  
By which right honourable went astray.  
Tempests will howl, the sun no ray will show;  
Clouds will collect, the winds in fury blow;  
Whilst stern conscience the monitor attends,  
My lady's title, but the sport of *fiends*.  
True nobility the breach of honour fear,  
The false intruder hail with scornful sneer.  
Her seducer they contemptuous thank,  
Who for base ends did stoop beneath his rank;  
With *shameless front* invades another's right,  
And *common honesty* leaves out of sight:  
With lofty words misleads a female mind,  
Deaf to the calls of virtue, and to justice blind.

Such vill'nous conduct its own tomb prepares,  
A perturbed spirit with th' banquet shares;  
The faithless pair, the gauntlet run of tongues;  
The scoffs of *laughter and the waste of lungs*.  
While thus, with anguish keen, my fate I mourn,  
A cheerless prospect still the sad return:  
Chill penury its ruthless front presents,  
My humble industry still circumvents;  
Hard case, that we, still singled out, expire,  
And bear the *lash of legislative ire!*  
Does man usurp the attributes of Heav'n?  
Th' decree eternal ne'er to him was giv'n.  
Man, by mutation, shows his fall'n estate,  
His counsels varying in progressive fate.  
That nothing's perfect is our mark below,  
Man, therefore, lenity to man should show;  
That we forgive, as we would be forgiv'n,  
Is the high order of commanding Heav'n.  
"A jealous God" visits the father's crimes,  
Unto generations third and fourth, betimes:  
Does unrelenting rigour fill our mind?  
Ah therefore think on those we leave behind!  
Sweet mercy is the darling theme of Heav'n;  
Fond hope to man, to cheer his steps, is giv'n.  
Let then strict justice bear the ruling sway,  
Then praise we must, and cheerfully obey.

"Twixt error political, and *heinous crime*,  
Sure a distinction may be made in time.  
A *century* one devious fault may clear.  
Thirty years *extra* should exclude all fear.  
Thus musing, lo! a voice me whisper'd, "Go,  
Visit Keppoch ground, and see you trace th' foe."  
With staff in hand I now the journey take,  
Kingusie\* in Bad'noch, in time I make.  
Loch Laggan next attracts my wond'ring eye,  
Its vast expanse of water I survey;  
The skirting woods a varying scene presents,  
In rural grandeur, mix'd with Highland scents;  
The lofty mountains, patch'd with mist and snow,  
Beguile my wearied footsteps as I go.  
The lake at length I leave, its river shows  
A winding glen, through which my path now goes.  
Houses at length now glad my anxious eye,  
Whilst hope revives, domestic comforts nigh.

---

\* The writer understanding the name of the minister of Kingusie to be Robertson, called upon him to enquire the proper course he should hold; and on seeing him, was agreeably surprised by recognizing him to be an old acquaintanc. The writer himself was forgot; but on giving explanation, was very kindly received and entertained. The numerous and respectable name of Robertson is descended from the family of the Isles, as are also the names of Macallister, Macnab, and three other names.

The dome receives me, wearied wants are serv'd,  
Old Highland hospitality preserv'd.  
Whilst now the sun diurnal motion makes,  
And active man his couch of rest forsakes,  
Myself refresh'd, now forward take my way,  
All nature smiles, the mountain tops look gay.  
The river still my winding path denotes;  
The desert lonesome, void of warbling throats;  
But bleats of sheep do vibrate on mine ear,  
The whistling plover is devoid of fear;  
The Laggan now through rugged rocks does glide,  
As a narrow passage worn by its tide;  
Till hollow sounds do my attention move,  
By nature's works my thoughts are sent above.  
The river rushes o'er its rocky wall;  
In a deep pit the flowing stream does fall,  
Where salmon their last bed of rest do find,  
By th' will of nature caught to serve mankind.  
Tulloch I pass, where, ah! no human face  
Doth greet my steps, or anxious eye solace.  
Onwards I go, depopulation mourn,  
With anguish now, and then with rage I burn:  
But nature strives the rising storm to lay,  
As down the river's side I wind my way.  
The varied landscape feeds the wistful eye,  
The river's murmur, and the mountains high.

Flora's sweet tribes are mix'd with foliage gay,  
And rural beauties drive dull thought away.  
The meads, the fields, so verdant, fresh, and green,  
As if with kindly showers refresh'd they'd been.  
Keppoch house next through lofty trees I see,  
Alas! how painful now my thoughts they be!  
Roy's\* river now with naked feet I wade,  
Feet pain'd with *legislative bastinade*.  
The cooling stream revives each tott'ring limb,  
And strength revives, the sloping bank to climb.  
Keppoch-house I pass, here no cheerful pipe  
Doth hail mine ear, the falling tear to wipe.  
Gone are the joys of Keppoch dome, once gay;  
No voice me welcomes, enter not I may.  
Fled are the smiles of hospitable times,  
Like passing dew drops, or like transient rhymes.

---

\* The property of Keppoch consists of two Glens, Glenspien, about fifteen or twenty miles long, through which the river Laggan runs. On the east side of it stands the house of Keppoch, within three or four miles of the north extremity of the Glen. The writer's stay was much shorter than he expected, the minister of the parish being from home; therefore he did not visit Glenroy, the other part of the property. It runs east, and "the river Roy, which winds through it," joins the Laggan on the south side of the house of Keppoch. The parallel roads, which extend through the vale for seven or eight miles, are thought to be the work of old times, to facilitate the purpose of hunting. The gross rent of the two Glens, the writer was told, is about £5000 a year, or somewhat more.



Desponding gloom's imprinted on each face,  
And blest content it fails mine eye to trace;  
For now Glenco \* his own sweet vale he leaves,  
For lucre's sake, to herd with *trait'rous thieves*:  
At Keppoch mansion takes up his abode,  
False to his name he wields th' oppressor's rod.  
Thou *Renegado*, wake to honour's call!  
Quick thence depart, or see not Ossian's hall.  
To the next place I now direct my way,  
For there I fondly hope to make some stay;  
With the learn'd landlord to hold sweet converse,  
And deeds of old in friendly terms rehearse;  
But still misfortune keeps its wonted hold,—  
He's gone from home—alas! my blood runs cold.  
With hospitable kindness I'm receiv'd,  
Placid I look, but ah! at heart I'm griev'd;  
And now refresh'd, homeward my path I tend,  
Humbly my hopes to Providence commend.  
The sun its genial rays now feebly shows,  
The arid scene seems drawing to a close:  
Descending mists env'lope Ben Nevis'† head,  
With steps gigantic to its friends they speed;

---

\* Macdonald of Glenco.

† The highest mountain in Scotland, within four miles of Fort William.

The varying forms an awful pomp assume,  
And quick the day is clad in hazy gloom.  
An hollow sound does now my steps pursue;  
Backward I look, I'm wet with Heav'nly dew.  
The drizzling rain, and murmurs hail my ear,  
The signs portentuous I note and hear.

“Spirits o' my fathers, hear my cry,  
Your shades I now invoke;  
Descend, disclose a cent'ry's sigh,  
Ne'er fear my mind you shock.  
Ah! mournful is the tale, our son,  
Which now will meet your ear;  
The Keppoch name and fame is gone,  
Which many did revere.  
Contending superiors have  
For Keppoch ground keen strove,  
Until that a division gave  
Unjust desire its rove.  
In ravage, ruin, they concur,  
And desolation spread;  
*Fell spite and foul desire the spur;—*  
Five cent'ry's hopes are fled.  
All records, registers destroy'd,  
Which former times might prove;

Sepulchral monuments annoy'd,  
But justice dwells above.  
Our people loy'l, their ravage keen,  
With courage bold resist;  
They mind the better days they've seen,  
And cudgel show and fist.  
Oh on! dese bo' o' meal Gordons\*,  
Too numerous they be;  
Oh! maun we peg der pardons,  
Ill gaes that down wi' me.

---

\* The first of the name of Gourdon, or Gordon, is said to have come over to England with William of Normandy. One of the name adventuring to Scotland, chanced, in a hunting party, to kill a wild-boar, for which he got a grant of some land in the south, in a parish which bears the name.

In order to increase their number and strength, if any poor man had a numerous family of children, on condition of his calling them Gordons, he was allowed a boll of meal yearly, for their maintenance, until fit for service. Hence the epithet bo' o' meal Gordons.

The Earldom of Huntly, the writer thinks, was taken from the name of Comyn, as a forfeiture, by the House of Stuart, soon after its accession to the Scotch throne, and the commencing of arbitrary hostilities against the old nobility, and given to the chief of the name of Gordon. This new Earl of Huntly does not appear in Scotch history, until the reign of James the Second, anno 1452. As the Earls of Huntly affected to be called Governors of the North, for the House of Stuart, they were also called the Cock of the North.

The Toshachs niest, to swell their feast,  
Like hungry leeches come;  
Their grasping hand o'er-run the land,  
And forage each man's home.  
For Keppoch rent dey crave us now,  
De tevil roast de d——;  
Oh, dare we now try crack der pow,  
Wha's dat in my chest neuk?  
Oh, see our cows, how loud dey low!  
Lucifer blaw de horn?  
What, will dey tak' dem frae us now?  
What, tak' our pickle corn?  
Oh, see our sheep how wild dey leap,  
Are dey niest ta'en awa'?  
Guid grant de widdie\* and de rape†,  
Dey leave us wi' toom wa'.  
Oh, yonder be friend Cameron,  
Dey'll help us wi' a side;  
Come, courage, let's be clamourin',  
What worse can us betide?  
A Keppoch chief come raise we now,  
De tevil ring de bell;  
Oh on, our beasts how loud dey low,  
Dese *trait'rous thieves o' h—ll!*

---

\* Gallows.

† Rope.

Come cudgel up, de club be high,  
Mind we be Keppoch men;  
Oh on, our wives and bairns, dey cry,  
Let's drive dem frae each glen.  
So cudgels play, and clubs do thwack,  
And broken heads there be;  
And pell-mell on each side they smack,  
And here and there they flee:  
Whilst Keppoch dogs, and Toshach dogs,  
Keep up the wrangling war;  
And though they win the day, the rogues  
Are mark'd wi' many a scar.  
Thus Keppoch men opprest they be,  
The crown its due has lost;  
Depopulating conquest see,  
The thieves of fangs may boast\*.

---

\* The tenants on the lands, from a conviction that those claiming superiority had no just title, have resisted the levying of the rents since the expulsion of the old family in 1715, the tenants acknowledging a Keppoch, or chief, on these occasions, who was marked, of course, for proscription and expulsion. Of these Keppochs, *pro tempore*, was Alexander of Culloden memory. As the act of 1715 was repealed; and, by the act of 1747, the lands were declared forfeited, and annexed to the crown; so, since that time, the tenants have deemed themselves legally justified in making resistance, as they were, from that time, certain, that the crown was robbed of its right. Thus, from 1715, until the residence of

So hie thee home our faithful son,  
The crown's right you'll now sing,  
The mournful scene which now we moan,  
Perhaps may comfort bring."

---

Glenco, in 1803, the Keppoch rents have been levied by *force*, and *club law*. The tenants, however, being the weaker party, though occasionally assisted by their neighbours, the Camerons, have generally been worsted, and the property has been gradually depopulated, and converted into sheep farms. The scenes of riot and confusion, occasioned by this game of club law, it is easier to imagine, than describe. What a fine field for the pugilistic prowess of Marshal Crib, and how much is it to be regretted, by the amateurs of the science, that Glenco, by his residence on the property has stopt it, but for their comfort, the fire is but smothered, and would burst out, had they a Crib to head them, as no person now assumes the title. At Culloden, whether from treachery, an intention of affronting, or inadvertency, the Macdonalds (of Keppoch) were ordered to, and drawn up as the left wing, instead of the right, which was the station for the name, from time immemorial, as having the precedence of all other clans, and there drawn up, according to their seniority. At the fight at Falkirk, the order of battle was thus arranged. "In the first line, were the battalions of Keppoch, Clanranald, and Appin. Lochiel had three battalions, Chumy, and the master of Lovat, with his Frasers." Notwithstanding this dishonour, the Keppoch men fought with such courage, as to gain ground, but this advantage was soon lost, by the right and centre giving way, and flying in confusion, were cut down accordingly, by the cavalry; but the Keppoch men made an orderly retreat in a body, carrying off their commander, A. Macdonald, mortally wounded. The right wing was under the command

The mists disperse, effulgent rays descend,  
In sad reflection, forward now I tend:  
The falling dews my wearied steps still chase,  
The cope of eve me hastens to embrace.  
Under a kindly roof my head I rest,  
With anguish heavy, and with grief deprest.  
Next morn refresh'd, my grateful thanks I pay,  
And for the lake do trace the winding way;  
The smiling sun does beam a golden day,  
The snow-patch'd mountains do reflect the ray;  
The wind was hush'd, smooth was the glossy lake,  
Whilst through the wood the shady path I take.  
A solemn silence reigns on all around;  
My bosom swells, and gloomy thoughts abound:  
When lo! sweet notes of heavenly music cheer,  
And quick assail my now astonish'd ear;  
Three female forms straight my attention take,  
Humbly I bow, ' Hail Ladies of the Lake?'

“Halt now thy course, our wearied wight,  
And on thy staff thee lean;

---

of Lord G. Murray, the center composed of Macintoshes, in number seven hundred, were under the command of the Stewart himself; the left wing, the Macdonalds, were, in number, three hundred, under the command of Lord G. Drummond.

Dispel thy fears, nor dread our sight,  
Thou woeful days hast seen.  
How frail and fine the thread of life!  
Which thou now seest we spin;  
Why should man then dishonest strife  
Maintain, in hopes to win.  
The thread we cut, we spin again,  
Life's fondest hopes we mock;  
He wisely acts who minds our strain,  
And ne'er slights conscience' shock.  
The registers of death disclose,  
How stern is fate's decree;  
He surest walks who's warn'd by those,  
Thou may'st peruse and see.  
Thou know'st where thou dread death didst view,  
In awful pomp and train,  
And well thou know'st what did ensue,  
No spiritual proxy vain.  
That awful sight how few have seen!  
With eyes of fleshly clay?  
High favour'd thou of heav'n hast been,  
In visions of the day.  
With steady eye, the scene thou view'dst,  
No thought could it conceive;—  
No signs of dastard fear thou shew'd'st,  
Thou Leo—— didst believe.



Invisible in solemn state,  
Reveal'd before thee went;  
Again thou'rt call'd by destin'd fate,  
By Heav'ns command art sent.  
Hark! didst thou hear the great bell toll?  
How loud the echoing sound!  
'Twas Bad'noch Comyn\* gave the knoll,  
The ghosts they skim around:  
The sonorous bell again does ring,  
'Twas Douglas gave the stroke;  
Severe th' fate of youth bards sing,  
The royal faith now broke.  
The pealing bell again does sound,  
'Twas Balloch gave the blow;  
Treason and treachery confound!  
Revenge does roy'lty show.  
Again the sound does mournful rise,  
A Suffolk† gave the peal;  
Now muffled up in death his eyes,  
Whilst bloody factions wheel.  
Again a peal the bell does give,  
Ah! deeply swells the sound;

---

\* Comyn, last Lord Badenoch, killed by Bruce in a church with his own hand.

† William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

See youth and high rank cease to live,  
See Buckingham's\* fell wound!  
See Lancaster does meet his flight,  
The good Duke Humfrey† he;  
Both victims to black priestcraft spite,  
Religion's stains you see.  
How many crimes under that name,  
Th' world's history pollutes;  
Hell's foul disgusting roll of fame,  
Man sunk below the brutes.  
Religion's hypocritic cloak,  
Who shall attempt to wash?  
Crimes of all kinds the senses shock,  
Faith staggers at each gash.  
The bell another peal now gave,  
A gallant youth now bleeds;  
The hopeful Surry‡, learn'd and brave,  
How mourns the muse such deeds!

---

\* Edward Stafford, last Duke of Buckingham, and last hereditary high constable of England, beheaded in the reign of Henry the Eighth, a victim to Cardinal Wolsey.

† Humfrey, Duke of Lancaster, stifled in his bed, by the contrivance of his uncle, the Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

‡ Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, beheaded about the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Hark! now again another sound,  
And low lies Somerset \*;  
Nature recoils at such an wound,  
The nephew roy'l † beset.  
Ah hark! again a mournful stroke,  
See youth and beauty die ‡,  
Cursed ambition set the block,  
Learning laments the tie.  
Another toll assails our ear,  
The warlike Essex § falls;  
The muse in pity drops the tear,  
Th' policy cursed calls.  
Again the bell a sound uncouth,  
In tremor shakes the air;  
And low now lies the young Monmouth,  
Argyle the artful snare.  
Another sound the bell has giv'n,  
High swell the notes of praise;  
A Paul of Bourbon || is in Heav'n,  
In honour clos'd his days.

---

\* Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

† Edward the Sixth.

‡ Lady Jane Grey, beheaded with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, in the beginning of the reign of Queen Mary.

§ Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex.

|| The Counts of St. Paul of Bourbon, hereditary high constables of France. The one here alluded to went to support Candia, besieged by the Turks.

Revolving time its axis turns,  
And later times now view;  
The muse in pity weeps and mourns,  
The scene applies to you.  
Hark! the great bell has toll'd again,  
A deep and mournful sound;  
Humanity now swells with pain,  
Kilmarnock's death the wound.  
See honest plain Balmerino  
Does with him share the blow;  
In friendship close sad union show,  
To shades of death they go.  
Thus justice stern its due requires,  
Compassion will not view;  
See then that you respect your sires,  
Foul treason you must show.  
So raise once more the Keppoch strain,  
Fair Hope\* your leading star;  
Leo Belgicus arouse again,  
To drive the legal war.  
Thine adverse stars perhaps are past,  
Their bane elsewhere to shed;

---

\* *Spes Aspera Levat*—the motto of the family of the Isles, when Earls of Ross—the lions of the Isles supporting the Ross' eagle.

*Foul guilt* may feel the vengeful blast,  
By courage be thou led.  
So speed thee on in honour's path,  
As our respected knight;  
For thou an arch commander hath,  
A cause that's just to fight.  
No Whig or Tory be thou call'd,  
Too old for such you be;  
By ancient laws your plea install'd,  
You faith and truth would see.  
But see that you division seek,  
Say rogues take now the left;  
To honest men you give the cheek,  
And hand of right bereft.  
*Arch-constable*, we greet you well,  
While thus we sing and spin;  
The registers of h—ll reveal,  
Who knows what you may win.  
Invisible intelligence,  
See that you note and mark;  
So set the ring with confidence,  
And to our voice still heark.  
*La Societe des Elephans*,  
Do high thy powers respect;  
They know that thou regard'st the laws,  
They therefore thee protect.

Adopted Errol now depart,  
We speed thee on thy way;  
Foul treason feel the direful smart,  
So Hymen bless thy day."

John Bull, toss your horn, see Argyleshire cows,  
English rams, up hams, see Lochaber ewes:  
Citizens of London, Donald will ye hear?  
He, though poor and sober, wishes you good cheer.  
Cargoes of turtle, ah! he cannot bring,  
Wi' scarce a spurtle, feebly can he sing.  
Lochaber abounds in game, will ye raise the deer?  
Say, shall poor Donald try to make a steer?  
London ladies dinna fear, he bring a pack,  
Of thousands twelve hungry singing at's back.  
For your tea-table, my Lady Mayoress,  
Dread not, poor Donald, its contents compress.  
He, no *sans culotte*, he has'nt got the kelt,  
Vile and cunning rogues have ta'en awa' th' belt.  
Well will ye hand him a pot of sober beer?  
And let poor Donald try to have some cheer.  
Ye Countesses, Dutchesses, shall he a switch  
Now bring wi' him, old Canticleers to hitch?  
Ye Dowagers, Auld Donald will ye greet?  
Will ye receive 'm, he leaves his winding sheet.

Rub up your ancles for a Lochaber jig,  
Auld Donald has not got a fine Duchess wig;  
Will ye receive him wi' a merry smerk,  
And in your arms cheer him, ne'er dreading th' kirk.  
Come, look out, see Lochaber fat moor-hens,  
See the heath-cocks, wild ducks, and geese in fens;  
See partridges, ptarmigans, and plovers plump,  
Now to Auld Donald's rout turn out and jump.  
See kid, lamb in plenty, to keep up the store,  
Keppoch salmon, and whisky punch galore.  
Hark! now the pipes they strike a merry strain,  
A Lochaber pibrach, Donald again.  
Dance now hearty, Auld Donald will be glad,  
Keep up the merry glee, daintily be fed.  
Skip around the dancing ground, th' fan war keep up,  
Now face th' Chevy Chace, at seven o'clock ye sup.  
Come Sutherland Lizzy, sing now busy,  
Th' echoing strain keep up till dizzy;  
Come Antrim Katie, now sing St. Patie,  
Hibernian harp now handle pretty;  
Ross' eagle flies, now Leslie Rothies,  
Of Donald's rout please to give notice;  
In merry strains, now Leslie Leven,  
Sing the Bob o' Dumblane\*, to keep us even;

---

\* Duke of Leeds, Viscount Dumblane.

Whilst Glasgow and Kellie pleasantly sing,  
“*Auld Donald come again—God save the King.*”  
Whilst Newburgh will join in jocund lay,  
And Caithness and Home usher in the day.  
Now Bucks let’s start, and ladies part’ners get,  
The mirthful reel Auld Donald tries to set.  
Ye bishóps’ bench, with this world’s cares not vex’t,  
Paul preaches reformation, treason the text;  
In support of the crown’s right he now appears,  
Th’ national honour as duty reveres;  
Let plain honesty be th’ leading star,  
Under this banner Paul tries legal war.  
He humbly hopes the reverend will hear  
The widow’s humble prayer, see th’ orphans tear.  
Such is Paul’s mother, he, when three months old,  
Was left an orphan, reverend be not cold,  
Their humble suit be pleased to receive,  
And the crown’s rights in the first place retrieve.  
Ye lords temp’ral, Auld Donald would address,  
He craves to hear him, his loy’lty profess,  
He no rebel was but in self defence,  
He stood for himself against the crown’s pretence.  
The widow’s prayer, he craves you to accept,  
For the crown’s rights to take decided step.  
Come and welcome to Donald’s homely rout,  
And for the King wi’ bonnets aff let’s shout.



But scripture like, the poor he first invites,  
For, thereby, he hopes a blessing on th' rites.  
John of Lorn, long forlorn, where lies thy head?  
Comyn, England's martyr, arise from the dead.  
Come Lauderdale, dost want now Douglas' head?  
Wipe off thy stain, let Douglas mount his steed.  
Come Crawford, show law for our Chevy Chace,  
Here's no *cock plot*, as brothers let's embrace.  
Come Murray in a hurry, and now join  
Our legal warfare, in honour combine.  
Come, shall we say? The drums of Perth will beat,  
And, in unison, th' harmony complete.  
Come now Ormond, thy old friend wilt thou greet?  
In honour's cause, I'm sure thou wilt him meet.  
Say now, will Leinster join our merry dance?  
And see auld Donald now without his lance.  
See Earl O'Neil old friendship will respect;  
Auld Donald, to comfort he'll not neglect.  
Earl Fingal, old Fingal will now revere,  
For his offspring, in pity, drop the tear.  
Say Irish peers, will ye auld Donald *mind*?  
To see the crown righted, will ye be behind?  
Now English peers, auld Donald will ye hail,  
Will ye wish him a brisk and pleasant gale?  
For he ever to England's kings was friend,  
Preferring home int'rest, to French commend.

Now jarring int'rests, in concord do join,  
Say, in honour's cause, will ye act benign?  
Donald invites you to a "Taunton field,"  
To support the crown's rights, loyalty his shield.  
No red rose, or white rose, now to raise th' storm,  
For Magna Charta, an unison you form.  
Ah what changes! where be the days of old?  
Ah! where's now Arundel and Clifford so bold?  
But courage yet, auld Donald offers game,  
Will Talbot and Stanley start th' course of fame?  
Donald says, harts up, bucks English will ye bring?  
Of Lochaber deer, a merry course spring.  
Say, shall the mountains echo with the horn?  
Shall Warwickshire bucks salute th' rising morn?  
Say now, Northumberland, will ye fence the ring!  
Now, wi' Donald's deer, take a hearty spring.  
Say now, Norfolk, in skill and counsel sage,  
Will you now, in honour's course, give us th' gage?  
Say now, Somerset, with us, will ye sing?  
Say now, Dorset, some greyhounds will ye bring.  
Beaufort, huzza for't, where's St. Alban's duke?  
No mounted castles here, with threat'ning look.  
When with deer you're sated, let's try a fox chace,  
Donald *two stink tods* will turn out for the race.  
Respected Stafford, let's say, dog's be out,  
Come ye English nobles, join th' jocund rout;

Let Donald say, 'tis Helen's glove that's tost,  
He humbly hopes no Troy will now be lost.  
Say rather, Jerus'lem\* now be restor'd,  
And God's Providence humbly be ador'd.  
Now let auld Donald in poor comfort sing,  
Noble peers, God bless you all, God save the King.

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\* " Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, animated with a noble zeal of adorning the theatre of the world's redemption, caused the place where our Saviour had suffered, to be cleared of rubbish, and a magnificent church to be built."

THE END OF THE KEPPOCH SONG.



## ADDENDA.

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THE writer hopes he may now be indulged in taking notice of the contumely of Lindsay of Piscottie, which he would not have thought worth minding, did he not see him quoted and followed by modern historians, as Andrews, Lettice, &c. “A most odious and tyrannic aristocracy, by perpetual domestic war, loosened every tie of constitutional government; and a Douglas, a Creighton, a Donald of the Isles, a Hume, a Sinclair, a Hamilton, and their satellites, exercised such despotism, inhumanity, and murderous ravages, as no monarch in the fifteenth century would have dared to practise.” Andrews supports this statement by quotations from Lindsay, of which the writer will only mention part of what regards the family of the Isles. “Donald (Lord of the Isles) gathered a company of mischievous, cursed limmers, and invaded the King in every airth, wherever he came,

with great cruelty, neither sparing old nor young, without regard to wives, old, feeble, or decrepited women, &c." Such are the excuses preferred by these writers, in vindication of the attacks made by the house of Stuart, presently after its accession to the throne, upon the old nobility, some of whom were of much higher antiquity than the name of Stuart. The ruin of the name of Comyn, instead of satiating, seems only to have raised the royal appetite; and James the First, Second, and Third, appear to have been desirous of ruining and abolishing every thing that did not immediately flow from themselves, the allegation that they were in possession of crown lands serving as the pretext. Accordingly, says Dr. Robertson, "James the First, during the sitting of parliament, seized the Earls of Douglas, Lenox, March, and above twenty other peers and barons of prime rank. Among them was Alexander, Earl of Ross (Lord of the Isles), whom he imprisoned, and deprived of his earldom, but soon released him, and restored the earldom." This necessarily obliged them to

adopt measures of self-defence. "Leagues of mutual defence were frequent among the Scottish nobility in ancient times." Accordingly, "in the reign of James the Second, William the Eighth, Earl of Douglas, entered into a league of this kind with the Earls of Crawford, Ross, Murray, Ormond, the Lords Hamilton, Balveny, and other powerful barons; and so formidable was this combination to the King, that he had recourse to a measure no less violent than unjust, in order to dissolve it." The King attacks the Earl of Douglas; but after a trial at arms, he finds himself not equal for the enterprise, and, therefore, he invites to his assistance the new Earl of Huntly, with promises of reward; and, with his aid, Earl Douglas is overcome in May, 1452, and forced, with his family, to fly to Lorn, to crave refuge with its Lord, Macdougall, his whole property being forfeited, by act of parliament, to the crown. For this act of humanity and aristocratic hospitality, as Andrews would term it, Macdougall lost Lorn, which was taken from him, by dint of prerogative, without the sanction of par-

liament, and bestowed upon a Stuart, a relative. This conduct betrays such a mean spirit of revenge, and is so inconsistent with honour and common honesty, that the candid and unprejudiced mind will be ready to consider it as an act of royal robbery. As the name of Douglas afterwards acquired their property with great power and elevation of rank, their tolerating, or conniving at such an act of injustice, conveys a charge of *ingratitude* against them, in a very high degree; as they unquestionably ought to have made it a point of honour to care for their host, and to have made Lorn a suitable return, by protecting him from the royal vengeance, or by effecting his restoration. The King, says Hollinshed, gave the lands of Badenoch and Lochaber to Huntly, for this service. These lands, or lordships, so given, had been the property of the family of the Isles, from time immemorial, or, at least, for a thousand years back. The lower or eastern part of Badenoch had been wrested, by force of arms, from that family, by the Scots, after the final overthrow and extirpation of the Picts;



and having been the property of Comyn, might now be deemed crown land; and so, in his gift, nothing was at that time chargeable against the Earl of Ross, but the league of self-defence before-mentioned, which the conduct of the King and his party rendered necessary and justifiable: and it is probable that the obligation of the league was no more than a resolution not to assist the King against themselves. It does not appear that the Earl of Ross assisted Earl Douglas with any armed force, or that Earl Douglas asked it; he judging himself, with his dependents of his own name, and particular adherents, a match for the royal party. Thus there was no overt act of rebellion, on the part of the Earl of Ross, against the King, to justify the King's grant of his property to Huntly. This grant, therefore, in as far as concerned the property of the family of the Isles, was highly illegal, unjust, and, on the King's part, a provoking of hostilities; and was such an act of robbery, as if the Prince Regent was to give a grant of the Lord High Chancellor's robes, if the writer may be allowed thus to ex-

press himself. It is highly probable that this grant to Huntly comprehended no more than that part of Badenoch, which had belonged to Comyn, which would not be disputed by the Earl of Ross, and Lord of the Isles (the son-in-law of Huntly); for, had he proceeded to take further possession, hostilities must have commenced betwixt him and the Earl of Ross; and the King must have appeared in support of Huntly and his grant; but it does not appear that there were any acts of hostility betwixt James the Second and the Earl of Ross, during the remainder of his reign, which was eight years posterior to the date of the alleged Huntly grant. The writer, however, considers this grant, if such a grant was given, as having been rendered null and void, by the subsequent conduct of Huntly towards his son James the Third. This King, treading in his father's steps, with the same ideas of prerogative as to the privileges and property of his subjects, continued to infringe, until the affair of the priory of Coldingham raised a rebellion against him, where he fell in the field of

battle, “ courageously (says Lettice) defending himself, and the rights of his crown, against the Lords of the Insurrection—a title given to the chiefs who had united in that rebellion,” anno 1488. Thus, according to these writers, under the plea of the rights of the crown, the subject has nothing that he can call his own, and is altogether at its mercy. But Lettice, perhaps, will excuse himself, by owning his inconsistency, for he acknowledges that “ The family of the Humes complained of the King’s proceedings as an infringement of their privilege, and, indeed, as an alienation of their property, inasmuch as the priory of Coldingham had ever, by their former sovereigns, been conferred upon a Hume, and the tythes and pecuniary emoluments belonging to it were paid out of the estates of that family.” But Huntly now deserts the royal cause, and is a principal in this insurrection; therefore, this grant, which had been given him by James the Second, for conduct the reverse, may, from that time, be considered as forfeited.

As to the Earl of Ross and Lord of the

Isles invading the King “in every airth, with his company of *cursed limmers*, with such cruelty, as not sparing young infants in the cradle, which would have moved a heart of stone to commiseration; and burning villages, towns, and corns, &c.”—asserted by Lindsay, and quoted by Andrews, in his *History of Great Britain*, vol. 1. part 2, the writer does not know of any corresponding account. In the event of hostilities commencing, the writer, however, would expect inhumanities to be practised at that remote period, as Donald’s army would be partly composed of the descendants of Picts, and of tribes who had been expelled the low countries, by the barbarities depicted by Lindsay in such high colouring, and by virtue of a practice known, in Scotch law, by the term of *Letters of fire and sword*, by which those against whom they were directed were devoted to utter destruction, with every thing pertaining to them, man, woman, and child; and by the execution of which the Picts had ceased to be known as a people, and to which cruelty they knew they would be still exposed, should the

royal army, or its adherents, be able to penetrate their territory. But this was a Scottish practice, and issued and used only by their sovereigns, as a prerogative of royalty, and not used by the family of the Isles, which was of a different origin. On hostilities commencing, opportunities of retaliation would be taken, and these Highlanders would deem themselves justifiable in rendering "measure for measure." With what candour, therefore, can a Scottish historian complain of a practice authorized by Scotch law, and of which the massacre of Glenco is a recent instance? Here the writer, perhaps, may be allowed to advert to the return made for this massacre. In the rebellion of 1745, a party of Glenco men had been appointed, by the Stuart, as a guard over the house of a Dalrymple, to protect it from pillage, as that name was noted as inimical to the house of Stuart; and the conduct of the great Earl of Stair, in support of the revolution, and the house of Hanover, was well recollected. But soon after the placing of the party, it was adverted to, that he was a descendant of

that Dalrymple, whose official duty it had been to present to King William, for signature, the warrant for that military and midnight execution, to be performed by Campbells, whom they had, above a fortnight, received, fed, and entertained as friends. The guard was, therefore, immediately ordered to be changed. The Glenco men asked, what had they done to occasion such dishonour, or to excite suspicion? The before-mentioned reason was given them; to which they replied, that it did not belong to them "to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children;" and if they were not allowed to remain at their post, until the proper time of relief, they would go home, and have nothing more to do with the cause.

The calumnious aspersions of Lindsay and his followers, appear to the writer to be attempts to cover and palliate the highly unjust, dishonest, and dishonourable conduct of the opposite party; or, as he may say, faction; which conduct of Lindsay and his adherents, in the humble opinion of the writer, betrays their own want of candour, and malignity of disposition, and is utterly

inconsistent with the dignity and impartiality of history; and he thinks they but verify the old Scots proverb, “ *The greatest rogue cries first fie.*”

The governor of Scotland, during the minority of James the Third, quarrelled with John about his Earldom of Ross, the object of the unjust cupidity of the governor for the minority of James the First, aided by the arts of knavish priestcraft, and a contemptible, illegal, and fraudulent conveyance of property devolving by descent, of which any common attorney would be ashamed. But as the affair of that earldom had been settled by James the First, after his assuming the reins of government, all pretensions of the crown departed from, and the same restored to Alexander of the Isles, the lineal heir, inasmuch as the earldom had been the property and heritage of the Thanes and Earls of Ross, long prior to the reigns of his predecessors, David the Second, Robert the Second, and Robert the Third. John of Ross might, therefore, be justly provoked, at the reiterated attempts of a person against his property,

who, excepting his office of governor, was in no other respect more than his equal, if so much. He, therefore, marched to Inverness, where he took the King's house and castle. This was but a short march, whither he set out from Dingwall, where there is still to be seen the ruins of the ancient castle of the Earls of Ross, or from Lochaber. This seems to have been done as a frolic, or in derision of the governor, and not from any deliberate intention of rebelling. This exploit of taking the King's house, or castle, is mentioned by Hollinshed, who, in as far as the writer recollects, mentions none of the concomitant acts of barbarity alleged by Lindsay. He seems to have been satisfied with his jaunt to Inverness, and then to have returned home; where, then, is the "invading of the King in every airth?" That improprieties may have been committed by his men on that occasion, the writer thinks it probable, from the licentiousness in some measure habitual to soldiers; and to descend to modern times, where, the writer hopes, we justly lay claim to greater refinement of manners, he could



mention acts of inhumanity and barbarity, committed by the royal army, after the decisive action of Culloden; but he does not wish to revive animosities, and declines the disagreeable task; and would only crave the reader to advert to the measures his grace of Wellington was obliged to take to restrain the licentiousness of our soldiers, and to maintain discipline, though serving in a friendly country, and in support of allies. But to return, and to do justice to the governor, whoever he was. James the Second, in continuation of his measures against those who had joined the Douglas' league of defence, by act of parliament 41. anno 1455, which sets forth—" Forasmeeke as the poverty of the crown is oft-times the cause of the poverty of the realm, and that many uther inconvenients ar there throw, the quhilkis were lang to expreeme, be the advice of the ful council of the parliament; it is statute and ordained, that in ilk part of the realme, for the king's residence, quhair it happenis him to be, there be certaine lordshippes and castelles annexed to the crown, perpetually to remaine, &c." and so

annexes to the crown, various earldoms, lordships, baronies, and lands, &c. and as the concluding sweep of annexation. "The Reid castle, with the lordship of Ross pertaining thereto." As none of the lords, who had associated with Douglas, from a necessary regard to personal safety, durst attend parliament, and as no hostile attempt followed, during the remainder of the reign of James II. it is probable, John of Ross knew nothing of this deprivation of his property, until the attack of the governor, for his successor, demanding, or attempting to take possession for the benefit of the crown; for the memorable event of the Inverness march, it is probable, happened soon after the death of James II. anno 1460. The matter lies over, nearly sixteen years, without any judicial, or parliamentary inquiry, a proof that it was not thought a matter deserving of serious consideration. Then James III. who, during his reign, was under the tutelage of priests, attentive to their separate ecclesiastical interest, and influenced by parasitical hypocrites and women, is to put shifts to satisfy

their needy and greedy desires; and, doubtless, by their insinuations, bethinks himself of the Inverness affair. He sends Athol, who privately takes shipping, and lands at the isle of Ilay, where stood the castle of the Lord of the Isles, who courteously receives him; and, conscious of the goodness of his cause, accompanies him to Edinburgh, where he is immediately thrown into prison, and obliged to resign his whole property, and by a partial and packed parliament, seemingly called and held for the purpose; for the whole transactions of the session consist but of two acts, the one act 70. anno 1476, being "the revocation of our souveraine lord of all alienations, infestments, gifts, &c. that be hurt or prejudicial till his heirs, or to his crown, &c." and the other, act 71. "the annexation of the earldome of Ross, with its pertinents to the crown, to remaine thereat for ever, &c. saving that it be lawful to him, and his successors, to give the said earldom at their pleasure, to one of his, or their second sons." Accordingly, by an act not printed, of the second parliament, in the se-

cond year of the reign of his son, James IV. anno 1489, provision is made for the duke of Ross, Earl of Mar, and Lord of Ardmannach: which earldom of Mar, had been surreptitiously seized by Huntly. Thus at the expence of one family, and one subject, has the second son of the king been supported, and this provision has been continued, for by an act of James VI. parl. 2. cap. 30. the earldom of Ross, and lordship of Ardmannach, are appointed to be the proper patrimony of the king's second son; and, therefore, his royal highness the Duke of York, should be now drawing the revenues and emoluments of the dukedom of Ross, and lordship of Ardmannach.

The writer requests the attention of Mr. Andrews, and his adherents, to this statement, and begs leave to go on. The lordship, and seigniory of the Isles, and the rest of his property, being the ancient domains of the family of the Isles, are restored, but to be held of the king, by the service of ward and relief. The new Earl of Argyle, whom the house of Stuart, at its accession to the throne, found but plain

Campbell of Lochow; and now, by having been, from selfish motives, the servile and active partisan of that house, in its attacks upon the rights and properties of the subjects, was invested with this title, which the writer may call an encroachment upon the family of the Isles; for that family had been stiled Lord of Argyle and the Isles, long prior to the Stuart dynasty, was at the time, lord high chancellor of the kingdom, and may be considered the chief counsellor and adviser of these dishonest and dishonourable enterprises. From this period, may be dated the encroachments of the families of Huntly and Argyle, on the remaining property of the family of the Isles.

This same John of the Isles, and late of Ross, dying without issue, the king, without regard of the legitimate and collateral heir, by an act of parliament of James the Fifth, Dec. 1540, annexed to the crown, "to remain perpetuallie, &c. In the first, the landes and lordshippes of all his isles, south and north; the twa Kintyres, with the castelles pertaining thereto, and their pertinentes; the lands and lordship of

Orkney, Zetland, and the isles pertaining thereto, and their pertinents; the lands and lordshippe of Douglas," &c. &c. but John, having made a disposition in favour of an illegitimate grandson, the crown did not reap the benefit of this annexation during his life time. He, dying without issue, James the Sixth, and the reformers, whose zeal for religious purity, led them to overlook the tenth commandment, anno 1597, without regard to the legitimate heir, and the rights of succession, enforce the act of annexation of 1540; and this last division of the property remains an appendage of the Scottish crown, until the memorable event of the union of Scotland and England; when this union, which has produced such happy and beneficial effects to both kingdoms is celebrated; or, if the writer may so express himself, *sanctified*, by a grant of it to Lord Archibald Campbell, with the title of earl of Ilay, and by his death without issue, the grant devolves to the family of Argyle. It was this last act of injustice, on the part of the crown, and the attempt of the family of the Argyle, against

the descendants, and vassals of the family of the Isles, which caused them to turn out, and support the house of Stuart, now professing repentance and amendment, and which caused Angus Macdonald of Keppoch, or of Clanrannald, in Lochaber, to appear in person in 1715, as Argyle, the unjust possessor of his property, was appointed as commander-in-chief against them; and fortunate it was for the cause of humanity, that the writer's grand uncle was opposed by English generals, for had he been present at Sherriff-muir, where the Duke of Argyle commanded in person, as chief; he, and his people, would sooner have laid down their lives on the spot, than have surrendered to him.

The reader has now been conducted through the history of a family, which, for fourteen hundred successive years, lived in sovereign independent state, exercising all the rights of royalty, and holding meetings, or parliaments, of its own clans, descendants, and vassals, enacting laws, and contracting alliances with other reguli, and with the kings of England; and which, at

last, through marriage, became subject, and as such, maintaining its ancient honour, supporting the ancient laws of the realm, against the false pretensions of prerogative, and the measures of arbitrary sway; and at last ruined by the prevalence of despotic counsels, supported by language bordering on blasphemy, which eventually brought ruin on the house of Stewart, its oppressor; so that nought now remains, but ruins, exciting melancholy reflections of what has been.

“There was one abuse, however, (says Mr. Andrew’s) which rendered every court of justice nugatory. It had become a custom for the Scottish monarchs to bestow on their favourites, not only estates, but powers and privileges equal to their own. These were styled, ‘lords of regalities;’ they formed courts around them, had mimic officers of state, and tried, executed, or pardoned, the greatest criminals.” To this the writer cheerfully assents. A dependant on a lord of regality, could not expect justice or redress, where he had been injured by his lord; and it would not have been



safe for him to apply to another, or to the king's court. He was, therefore, but too dependent on the pleasure of the lord of regality. Had James the Second, whom Mr. A. praises for good sense, been contented with demanding the surrender of these regalities, and with the two laws he brought forward, "the one against granting" regalities "without consent of parliament, the other, to prohibit the bestowing of hereditary dignities," and in lieu thereof, had appointed supreme courts of civil and criminal jurisprudence; which, afterwards took place in the reign of Charles the Second, anno 1672; it is possible civil broils might have been prevented, and Scotland, as well as England, might have obtained its Magna Charta, or a recognition of the ancient laws of the realm.

As excepting the families of the Isles, of Sutherland, and Sinclair, all these regalities were derived from Scottish kings; had a general surrender been proposed, or demanded as a necessary accession to the royal authority, and for the general good, or any compensation offered, it is probable,

the measure would have been peaceably complied with; but the ancient Scottish nobles saw these privileges bestowed, and continuing to be conferred on new peers of Stuart creation; that, therefore, the measure was partial, and so stood upon their guard.

In proof of this, the family of Huntly, in consequence of the act of 1747, abolishing these regalities, received a compensation in money, for Aberdeen-shire, Banff-shire, and Inverness-shire; whereas, had the act of James the Second been duly attended to, his grace of Gordon should have received nothing, in particularly for Aberdeen-shire, as the regality of that county did of old, and of right, belong to Earl Marechall, and therefore, the nation, by his forfeiture, should have saved the expence of paying for that county. Inverness-shire, and Ross-shire stand in the same predicament, for the regality of these counties should have pertained to the representative of the family of the Isles. The regality of the county of Ross was not paid for, as none, since the annexation of that earldom, could

prefer any claim. His grace of Gordon received the sum of seven thousand pounds for these regalities.

His grace of Argyle received the sum of £25,666 for the regalities of Argyleshire and Tarbert, and for justiciar-general of the Highlands, and all the Isles, which he also received from the house of Stuart, by succeeding donations, *wholly* at the expence of the family of the Isles, and its representative, by violation of the fundamental laws of the realm, and rights of succession; therefore, the nation should have saved that sum also, as nothing was legally due to him. His grace has also the sum of £30,000 to account for, received from Sir Robert Walpole, "to carry on the elections in Scotland," which money was so laid out, that the recommendations were against, instead of for, the minister, and he was forced to resign.

Some will say, the money was properly laid out, considering the purpose for which it was received. But if his grace disapproved of the business, or of Sir Robert's measures, he should not have taken the

money, as nothing can excuse treachery and breach of faith. "About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the parliament appointed justices and sheriffs, in Ross, Caithness, the Orkneys, and Western Isles, where none had been before, &c." "Through lack of justiciaries, justices and sheriffs, by which the people are *almost become wild.*"—Public acts of James the Fourth. The ancient constitution and rule of the Highlands and Isles, being broke by the measures of James the Third, and the clans deprived of their ancient head and protector, this wild state of anarchy ensued; the clans setting up independence, and endeavouring to maintain the possession of their property. On the other hand, the new justiciar-general, and his adherents, considered them as a shipwreck, from which they might plunder and carry off at pleasure, and if they were able, might expel them from their lands. Hence feuds and intestine wars broke out. Acts of depredation and retaliation were committed, and this lapse of time may be considered as a game of *thief to thief*. This state of anarchy

continued to the reign of James the Sixth, anno 1587, who endeavoured to restore peace and order, and caused two rolls to be made out, the one containing a list of "landlords, and baillies of lands where broken men dwell," and the other containing a list of those "clans that had captains and chieftains on whom they depended, oft times against the wills of their landlords." This last title so indistinctly defined, does not specify whether these chieftains held their lands of the crown, or of subjects superior. The act ordains these chieftains to give pledges to the king, for the peaceable demeanour of themselves and their clans. In anno 1597, the crown and reformers enforce the act of annexation of James the Fifth, anno 1540, of the other division of the property of the family of the Isles, and ordain "the chiefs of clans to shew their rights and titles to the court of exchequer, &c."

As none but the immediate branches of the family of the Isles, were considered as chiefs or clans of that name and family, and as they had received their lands from

that family, prior to its extinction; so they, and its other vassals, would now consider themselves as holding of the crown, and therefore, legally justified in repelling the pretensions of any other to superiority. As the injustice of the crown towards that family, had excited the greedy desires of their more powerful neighbours, who considered them as out of favour, and proper objects of prey; so the crown seems to have tacitly acquiesced in their pretensions to superiority, as if to make them more obedient subjects from fear. Thus Sir J. Dalrymple, in his memoirs, designs them as holding their lands of subjects superior; and as they, for about three years, refused to acknowledge the revolution, he states, that these superiors urged King William to grant them *letters of fire and sword* against them; but as the last division of the property of the family of the Isles remained still annexed to the crown, they considered themselves as holding of the sovereign, disowning the claims of these superiors, and had taken the oath of allegiance to James the Seventh. Hence Keppoch's reason for

obliging Macintosh to renounce his pretensions to his lands, after taking him prisoner, at the battle of Milroy, anno 1687. A bond of union, or an understanding, seems to have subsisted among them, they recognising Keppoch, or the chief of "Clanranald in Lochaber," as the representative of their ancient head, and as their chief; for though Macdonald of Slate, now Lord Macdonald, became a proselyte, and turned presbyterian, courting the favours of the reformers, in hopes of obtaining an accession of territory, and of being recognised as Lord of the Isles; he succeeded only in the first respect, and justly, considering the grounds of his conversion, and that he was not the first, but the fourth branch in seniority. Hence Sir J. Dalrymple, when he mentions that these clans, at last, made offers of peace, publishes only the offers made by Keppoch; a sign that he considered him as the principal, and most conspicuous, the first being an offer to treat for peace, the second an obligation to keep the peace. As there may be readers, who never saw his memoirs, and who may be

desirous of seeing a document of former times, the writer respectfully offers a copy. "One of the Highland chieftains commissions to treat, &c. September 1691. I, Coll Macdonnell of Keppoch, doth hereby in my own name, and in the name of Rannald Macdonnell, Insh Ronald, Macdonnell, Froets, Donald Macdonald Coldonarge, Æneas Macdonnell, Bohurtmoy, Æneas Macdonnell, Kilbrihonat, Æneas Macdonnell, Tulloch, Alexander Macdonnell, Inveroy, Alexander Macdonnell, Tirderish, Ronald Macdonell, Fensett, Æneas Macdonnell, Bohuntine, Neil Kennedy, Leonurhanemore, Alexander Kennedy, Leoruthanbeg, A. Macdonnell, Fernadross, Æneas Macdonnell, Auchnacoichine, and all the rest of my kinsmen, friends, and followers, engage on my faith and word, that I, and they, shall submit to the present government, &c. Given at Keppoch," &c. The names of places, are the names of the principal towns or farms upon his property, for each of which, a person becomes responsible to Keppoch, and he becomes responsible for the whole. They are all, ex-



cepting two, of his own name and blood, and he calls them kinsmen, the word tenant being then unknown in the Highlands. The other clans follow the example of Keppoch, and a general peace in the West Highlands and Isles, ensues.

The writer here requests the representative of Sir J. Dalrymple, and his connections, to be pleased to accept of his most grateful and respectful thanks. "The parliaments (says Mr. Andrew's) were frequently and regularly called, particularly by James the Fourth, and the Fifth. Every thing which the nation could afford, was granted, and all possible care was taken by the house, that the king should not alienate the demesnes of the crown. It is certain (as has been remarked by a well informed historian), that this mixture of liberality and of caution, in the Scottish representatives, at the same time that it maintained their kings in decent magnificence, by the revenues of the crown lands, 'prevented the subjects from being harrassed by loans, benevolences, and other oppressive arts, which were so often employed by

the princes of Europe, their contemporaries.' Yet, as the government had very seldom sufficient strength to guard the unarmed members of society from assassination and pillage, arrayed under the banners of a factious nobleman, it may be doubted whether the extortion and despotism of a seventh or an eighth Henry, might not be more tolerable than the domestic tyranny, and murderous ravages, committed by the satellites of a Douglas, a Hume, a Sinclair, or a Hamilton.

Here, again, is brandished, the vindictive lash, of which the writer declines to take any further notice, and craves leave to examine the former part of the statement.

James the First, having been redeemed from captivity in England, by a heavy and general contribution of his subjects, already much depressed by the contest, for the succession to the Scottish crown, and the wars and desolation consequent, is desirous of introducing English laws and customs. At the first meeting of the states or parliament, he asks the nobles, by what right

they held their lands. They draw their swords. The king startled, asks them what they meant by that. They tell him, by their swords they had acquired their lands, and by their swords they would defend them. He tells them, he wanted them to hold their lands by charters, and he would grant them. An act is passed to ascertain what were crown lands, during the reign of his three predecessors, and by an act of the following year, anno 1425, charters and infestments are to be produced.

He seizes the persons of many of the first nobility, during their attendance at parliament, and continuing his aggressions, by an act of 1434, the only act of that session, the earldom of March, the property of George Dunbar, is forfeited and annexed to the crown. The royal appetite, having, with the help of relatives and favourites, digested the property of the name of Comyn, a fresh meal is become necessary, and this earldom is served up as the next course. Having fared on this eleemosynary banquet, the kingly appetite conti-

nues to crave, till some of the chief nobility, considering it as an insatiable disease preying upon them, and that their whole property, in all probability, would be cooked up like the earldom of March, and other prior properties, apply the desperate remedy of administering death. The writer, here, by no means attempts to vindicate, or extenuate this action; for he considers open and avowed hostility preferable to concealed enmity, and the person of the sovereign should have been held sacred, and the advisers of such measures should have been responsible. It shews the rude ferocity of the times.

A long minority ensues, and with it a moderation of sustenance, till James the Second assumes the sceptre, and as if the royal appetite had been doubly increased by long abstinence, he shews a more than double portion of his father's spirit, or stomach. Many of the nobility, having the prospect before their eyes of being devoured, bethink themselves of measures of self-defence, in support of the ancient laws of the land, and of their constitutional rights

and properties as subjects, against the till now unheard of pretensions of prerogative, over their persons, civil rights, and liberties, claiming the same to be held only during the royal will and pleasure, and their properties liable to be assumed, and disposed of, as might suit the arbitrary royal wisdom and convenience, and its alleged exigence, a crime, in the eyes of despotic sovereigns, of the greatest magnitude. Accordingly, James the Second, by the act of parliament, anno 1455, assumes and annexes to the crown, certain lordships and castles, from the borders, as far north as Sutherland-shire, "in ilk part of the realm, for the king's residence." Thus the royal bed and table, is spread all over the kingdom, and these castles, and the lands pertaining to them, are appropriated for the royal supply, without any crime or fault alleged against the former legal and proper owners, or any excuse or pretence offered, but that such was necessary for the royal convenience.

This additional supply is so managed, as to be at the expence of the most of the

lords of the Douglas' association. The king having now got an ample supply of fresh provisions, in different quarters, bestows the earldom of March, and lordship of Annandale, on his son Alexander. James the Third, by an agency of the cook, or parliament, gets the earldom of Ross served up to him in full style, anno 1476, and in anno 1487, by the forfeiture "led upon" his uncle "Alexander duke of Albany, earl of March, Mar, and Garioch, lord of Annandale and Manne," he obtains the annexation or resumption of his property, which had flowed from royal grants, at the expence of subjects, accompanied with the desert of the lands of "Sir James of Liddal of Halkerstoun," accompanied with the following hypocritical pretences: "for, as their is nathing mare honorouble to us, and our successoures, nor profitable to our subjects, inhabitantes of our realme, then to have in all the partes of our realme, certain dominions and possessions appropriate unto us: in the quhilk, we may personally dwell and remaine, for doing of justice to our subjectes, and punish the

malefactoures, and transgressoures of our lawes: that, thereby we may govern honourably, without oppressing of our lieges." Thus (as it is hereby acknowledged), it is in no respect dishonourable for the king, to seize and take the property of his subjects, as suits his royal pleasure and convenience; and it is profitable for the subjects, in a general sense, that the expences of royalty be sustained by a few; that is, by the Douglas' association, or by those who shall dare to disapprove of absolute royal will and pleasure, or attempt to cross its measures. His successor, James the Fourth, is thereby enabled, two years after, to make provision for his son, the duke of Ross, earl of Mar, and lord of Ardmannoch.

James the Fifth, steadily pursues the unrelenting, and all grasping stretch of prerogative, and by an act of parliament, 1540, by which the heir may be forfeited for treason, committed by his predecessor, being a new *prescription* for the royal case, for the act acknowledges there was "no special lawe, acte, nor provision of the

realme, maid thereupon before." "The haill estates conclude, that his grace has equal cause, and just action to persew the summonds, upon the aires of unquhile Robert Lesly, and all other sik like summonds of treason."

As the Almighty declares he visits "the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation;" so, perhaps, the Scots cooks, doctors, or parliament, by this act, recognised his grace as the vicegerent of God upon earth, and as a terrestrial Deity. But we are taught, that mercy is the darling attribute of heaven, and that the clemency and goodness of the Most High, is as boundless as his justice is inflexible. Whither such an act was strictly consistent with commiseration for the wretched, and sympathy for the innocent sufferer, a Howard, and a Wilberforce, or the humane and compassionate, will readily decide. Whether such an act (which acknowledges there was a murmuring against it) was an invasion of the attributes of the Deity, the writer leaves it to the reformed clergy of the church of Scotland,



to lecture and comment upon. The writer, who, as well as his maternal ancestors, have suffered by its operation, ever since the date of enactment, cheerfully acquiesces in it; for, as his grandfather committed no act of hostility against the reigning family, so no corruption of blood is chargeable against his grandson; and he humbly hopes, that this act may yet be the means of Providence, for educing good out of evil, and for bringing the guilty, the villainous, and fraudulent, to punishment.

It may well be expected, that this *ex post facto* act against innocent posterity, would be the precursor of some extraordinary measure; and accordingly, by an act of the same session, setting forth, as usual, that the augmentation of the patrimony of the crown, and its revenue, "is great profit baith to the king's grace and his lieges," a most sumptuous course of annexation is served up, consisting of the remaining property of the family of the Isles, as already mentioned; the lands and lordship of Douglas, with other earldoms and lordships, being the whole remaining property of the

ill-fated Douglas' connection; and now the royal appetite, mollified by this exuberant service, by a following act, grants a general remission to all his lieges, of all former acts of treason, or other offences " (the intelligence with Archibald Douglas, sometime earl of Angus, &c. only excepted)." Thus, for daring to think there were ancient laws of the land that should be supported, and for doubting the rectitude of James the First's intention of amending and explaining them; for attempting to cross the king's purposes and claims of prerogative, in their own self-defence, and for questioning the infallibility of the royal judgment, the most ancient nobility of the realm are consigned to utter destruction, and their property adjudged to support the royal magnificence; and thus, for two hundred years, the expences of the royal establishment, are almost wholly defrayed by a few suffering individuals, to the exemption of the great bulk of the nation; and in this, consists the praise bestowed by Mr. Andrew's, and his friends, on the servile Scottish parliaments, who scrupled not to sacrifice the na-

tional honour and justice, at the altar of the royal prerogative, as they were not required, at their own charge, to furnish the victim. Their fellow peers of England were more successful, and obtained by force of arms, and by a more compact and general confederacy, a ratification of their rights as subjects, from King John, by Magna Charta; and, though often harrassed, by stretches of prerogative, and by loans and benevolences, yet these aids were seemingly granted in a constitutional way by the legislature, and being levied from the subjects, in a general point of view, according to their circumstances, like our modern income tax, there was no ground for preferring a charge of partiality and injustice, the few did not suffer for the many. The constitutional light of rational liberty shone there with some degree of lustre. The English legislature was not brought to such a state of mental debasement as the Scottish.

They dared to speak their sentiments, and to maintain their constitutional rights, though the bloody and despotic Henry the

Eighth acquired, what may be considered a too great and illegal ascendancy, and used cruel and unjust freedoms with the lives and properties of his subjects. It may be asked, what is become of the lords of the insurrection; did no rational sentiments of liberty arise from their undertaking, and was there no definition, or recognizance of the rights of the subjects? No traces of any such appear. Gordon, Hume, and company, seem to have acted merely on selfish principles, and from a regard to their own particular interests. They were successful, and by having placed James the Fourth on the throne, must have obtained a decret in their favour, as to their own property, with, perhaps some additions; and, provided the royal appetite was not satiated at their expence, they appear to have been indifferent as to the fate of others; for the claims of prerogative continue to advance, and they were included in the act of indemnity. But while this spirit of resignation, or rather servility, prevails over the kingdom, and the royal mind is considered as the fountain of law, and

the sovereign disposer of the persons and properties of his subjects, the ecclesiastical power receives the next shock, and the long accumulated property of the church is served up as a splendid entertainment to the royal prerogative.

The Douglas' provision now becomes distasteful to the royal appetite, and the king, it is to be hoped, feeling compunction for the protracted revenge and persecution of two centuries, bethinks himself of atonement; and accordingly, restitution is made to the heirs at law of the Douglas' association, of their property, and where dilapidation had taken place, from the well known weakness and partiality of the house of Stuart to favourites, the deficiency, in some measure, seems to have been made up at the expence of the new victim, the church; and here the "care and caution of the Scottish representatives," in conserving the annexed property of the crown, deserves commendation in some measure. Acts of reduction of forfeitures, with ratifications of old and new titles take place, but still the fountain of the royal mercy

does not flow pure and unsullied. No favourable notice, in this restoration, was taken of the family of the Isles, though its heir at law had done nothing to incur the royal displeasure, at least, in a temporal point of view; but adherence to the Catholic religion, might be the pretence for this unjust omission, and the property of that family remains, and should remain, annexed to the crown to this hour. James the Sixth, at length, ascends the English throne, to the exclusion of the family of Suffolk; and the Scottish parliament passes an act, "truly acknowledging his Majesty's sovereign authority, princely power, royal prerogative, privileges of the crown, over all its estates, persons, and causes, whatsoever, &c." and on the death of the "two sage counsellors," Lord Buckhurst, and Sir Robert Cecil, to whom he was chiefly indebted for his elevation to the triple crown, "the Scotch system prevailed, James grew arbitrary, and laid the foundation of the future ruin of his whole race," and may be said to have prepared the axe for his son. The English were too sen-

sible of the value of their rights and privileges, meanly to surrender them, though the eighth Henry had, by the legal butchery of the last duke of Buckingham, removed one constitutional check on despotism. "It was customary for the high constable, at the coronation, to receive a sword from the English kings, which, holding in his hand, he pronounced aloud, 'with this sword, I will defend thee against all thine enemies, if thou governest according to law; and, with this sword, I and the people of England will depose thee, if thou breakest thy coronation oath.'" This check has since been considered as vested in the legislature. James found a remora in the English parliaments, to which he had not been accustomed. Charles the First, pursuing his father's arbitrary conduct with greater stretches of prerogative, in imitation of the first James of Scotland, committed nine members of the House of Commons to prison, where Sir John Elliot and some others died, because these members were most noted for faithfully discharging their duty, as members of the legislature,

and as representatives of the people, and, ofcourse, opposed his illegal measures; and the consequent civil war against him, may be said to have been carried on upon the principles of the Douglas' association.

The final expulsion of the house of Stuart, by the revolution of 1688, and the settlement of the present reigning illustrious family upon the throne, may also be said to be acts upon the Douglas' principles.

Here the writer begs leave to remark, that on these recent occasions of asserting and vindicating the rights of the subject, those are particularly active, who may be termed modern nobility, and who owed their elevation to despotic princes, as his grace of Bedford in England, and his grace of Argyle in Scotland, giving a striking instance of political ingratitude, and an awful lesson to princes, not to depart from the straight path of rectitude and justice, and not to raise one subject at the expence of another, as they may be certain, to a proverb, of their infidelity, when the stream of the royal bounty towards them becomes in-



interrupted. They become unmindful of former favours, having no other cry but *give, give*; and delight to fish in troubled waters, expecting their former success. The long reign of his present Majesty has been particularly distinguished for a strict adherence to justice, free from partial attachments. He can with truth and justice say, "I have governed with due regard to the laws. I have received nothing but in a constitutional way. Whose ox, or whose ass have I taken? I have softened the rigour of former times, and have restored the forfeited properties to innocent posterity." True, Sire, but there is one property yet to account for, as to the not restoring of which, I do not presume to censure you, or the legislature. You, gracious Sire, have been most grossly imposed upon, and defrauded of the indubitable rights of your crown; and the national interest has also deeply suffered by base treason and knavery; and I only most humbly crave admission to the bar of the legislature, in support of your rights and the national interest, and to face the traitors.

The House of Commons does deservedly possess the confidence of the nation.

With the desire of easing the burdens of the people, they have twice sent up to the House of Peers, bills for abolishing the useless sinecures of the worse than beggarly Scottish crown, but without success. The writer, therefore, expects justice, and a fair hearing from that house, and it is with the House of Peers that he expects difficulties. There are peers who will blush with shame, and strongly feel commiseration, at the sight of the representative of a Regulus or peer, older than Julius Cæsar, in the appearance of a poor old woman of eighty-four years of age, worn to a skeleton, by manual labour, and habits of industry; and there are peers to whom such an appearance may excite uneasy reflections, and a painful retrospect; and there are peers who, the writer trusts, will deem themselves bound, in honour and justice, to supersede all private considerations, and too see the laws duly implemented.

The writer now begs leave to address a few words to the clergy of the church of Scot-

land. Reverend gentlemen, denominating yourselves the reformed clergy of the church of Scotland, permit the writer, in the name of his mother, and his maternal ancestors, in the most respectful manner, to tender you our grateful thanks, for the liberality of mind, and candour shown by you, in your unanimous vote of last year, in support of the Catholic claims, in which, though we are not Catholics, we are deeply interested. We have most deeply suffered by the misdeeds and injustice of your predecessors. The writer calls upon you, to shew your right to the title you assume, by the purity of your lives and sentiments, and by a stricter regard to ecclesiastical discipline, and by reformation in your conduct, which, the writer is humbly of opinion, still needs mending. It is not enough to profess, shew your practice, by implementing the obligations of scripture; which you acknowledge to be your director, and to which he begs leave to refer you. The writer hopes he will not have occasion to appeal to the public against you, in an ecclesiastical capacity, and therefore he hopes

he needs not say any more than one word  
---Restore.

The writer begs leave to apologize to the reader for the unexpected length of this note, owing to the digressive scope of the matter.

## A MOST HUMBLE ADDRESS

*To His Royal Highness, GEORGE,  
Prince Regent of Great Britain and Ire-  
land, &c. Duke of Rothsay, Earl of Car-  
rick, Baron Renfrew, and LORD of the  
ISLES, &c.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS---

WITH that due humility, which be-  
comes a subject in a very low station of  
life, and with that deep sense of contrition  
which becomes the grand nephew of Angus  
Macdonald of Keppoch, of 1715; the sin-  
cerity of which, from the misery and po-  
verty consequent, may not be questioned,  
I most humbly beg leave to address you.

I most respectfully beg leave to men-  
tion, that my grand uncle had reasons for  
that impolitic, and to him and his, highly  
unfortunate step, which were applicable to  
no other family that forfeited, injuries done  
his ancestors, by the crown, and the house  
of Stuart, in former times, of which the  
illustrious ancestors of your royal high-

ness, were equally innocent and ignorant, and from whom he of course could expect no redress, those who were most active in the changes of government, being those who were in possession of what his ancestors had been unjustly deprived, and who were eager for changes to support and serve their own selfish ends.

As by the clemency and goodness of his Majesty, who has been the merciful father of his people, and the legislature, the forfeited properties were all restored *thirty* years ago, my grand uncle's lands of Keppoch alone excepted; may I, in the name and behalf of my poor aged mother, his representative, most humbly prostrate myself at the footstool of his Majesty's throne, most humbly imploring *his* and *your most gracious* pardon and forgiveness, for the only act chargeable against the ancient and unfortunate family of Keppoch, and for which the gratuitous service rendered to government by my great grandfather Coll Macdonald of Keppoch, in 1691, may be said to be a balance.

I am aware, that the tenants on the lands

were concerned in 1745 and 6, and that at the battle of Culloden, they formed the left wing of the Pretender's army, where they fought with their ancient courage and resolution, so as to gain the respect of his royal highness the duke of Cumberland, who suffered them to make the orderly retreat they made, unmolested, while the rest of the rebel army, flying in confusion, suffered accordingly. Heroic minds respect courage in an enemy, and bury resentment in the grave.

They were then the tenants of those who, claiming superiority by the act of 1715, were in possession of the lands; and who, of course, were accountable for their tenants, and who could and should have restrained them, had they been the real and sincere friends of your royal highness' family and government; but they were the secret and underhand friends of the other side of the question, and their conduct was the cause of the tenants rising. The Alexander Macdonald, designed of Kepoch, who headed them, though bearing the name of my grandfather, was not he,

my grandfather being dead two years prior, and his elder brother Angus, eight years prior to that period. He was but a common tenant, whom the rest obeyed from their opinion of him, and he had no heritable pretensions to the lands. I now, in the most humble and respectful manner, beg leave to intimate to your royal highness, that I have of late come to the knowledge of acts of foul *high treason* and *villainy*, which have been committed against the rights, interest, and dignity of the British crown, and national interest, in regard to the forfeiture of my grand uncle's property, and which your royal highness will find to be a matter of high importance to his Majesty's rights, and the national interest; and which it would be my duty to bring forward, as the faithful subject of his Majesty, to avoid the crime of *misprision of treason*, though I were not the only son of his representative. I am, therefore, to endeavour to get a petition presented to each branch of the legislature, in the name of my mother, most humbly craving the restoration of the lands, in hopes that the



matter may be brought to legislative and judicial hearing, and that I may have an opportunity of appearing, in behalf of his Majesty's rights; and this, alas! is now the only act of service in my power, as a descendant of the family of Keppoch to render; and I most humbly beseech your royal highness, to be graciously pleased to direct his Majesty's ministers, to countenance the reception of the petitions so far, as that the matter may be brought to due examination, as I am most humbly and firmly persuaded, that your royal highness will suffer no elevation of rank, political connection, or any private motive whatever, to interfere with national honour and justice.

I most humbly beg leave to add, that I have ever been the dutiful subject of his Majesty, and that for the last twenty-four years of my life, in which I have acted as a teacher, I have deemed it my duty to instil into those committed to my charge, sentiments of love and affection for the sovereign, and respect for the laws. I most humbly request your forgiveness, for tres-

passing so far upon your royal highness' time and attention, and most humbly hope, my motives may plead my excuse.

That the Almighty may be pleased to continue that signal success and prosperity, which has blessed his Majesty's arms and government, since the accession of your royal highness, to the reins of administration, by which Great Britain has attained so great a height of national glory and honour, by which events have occurred, that have excited the admiration and gratitude of all Europe,—events which, like a blazing star, point out the lustre of your royal highness' counsels—events which future historians will delight to contemplate, and to transmit the fame thereof to latest posterity, is the most humble and fervent prayer of, may it please your royal highness, your royal highness' most humble, most obedient, and most faithful subject and servant,

JOHN PAUL MACDONALD,  
Private Teacher.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, &c.  
*Stonehaven, August 25, 1814.*

## LETTER

*To His Royal Highness, FREDERICK,  
Duke of York and Albany, Bishop of  
Osnaburg, and Earl of Ulster, Duke  
of Ross, and Lord Ardmannach.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS---

AS your royal highness must, by this time, have drawn many thousands, and enjoyed many sumptuous suppers from the dukedom of Ross, and lordship of Ardmannach; and, as it is possible, this may have been, during your life time, at the expence of the destitute widow and fatherless, may I most humbly venture to send your royal highness a copy of my Song, which I most humbly request you may be *graciously* pleased to peruse, as the *grace after meat*. In return for the good cheer your royal highness enjoys, may I most humbly request you to be pleased to present a petition to the House of Peers, in behalf of my poor mother, relating to the lands of Keppoch, once the property of

her uncle, that investigation may take place, and that the crown may recover its right of forfeiture. I am now fully prepared to support the rights of the crown, and the national interest, against whatever *gross fraud, treason* and *falsehood*, can allege. If your royal highness can do this act of justice to his Majesty's crown, and can *graciously* confer this favour on the widow and fatherless---May your royal highness deign to be pleased to desire your secretary to advise me accordingly. May I most humbly design myself, may it please your royal highness, your royal highness' most humble, most obedient, and most faithful servant,

JOHN PAUL MACDONALD,

Private Teacher.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, &c.  
*Stonehaven, August 25, 1814.*

## SUPPLEMENT.

SINCE writing the preceding sheets, the writer having seen the decisions of the Court of Session, craves leave to offer the following observations, which he deems a necessary conclusion to the work.

It has been observed, that the contending parties winked at the encroachments of Huntly in the north. The first time he appears, in a legal point of view, is in an action of reduction and improbation, anno 1687, raised by him as duke of Gordon, and donatar of the marquis of Argyle's forfeiture, against Cameron of Lochiel, said to be his vassal, for a part of his property, the twenty merk land of Mamore, said to be in his grace's lordship of Badenoch. Here, therefore, there is an end of the pretended grant of James the Second to Huntly, as asserted by Hollinshead; for his grace claims in lieu of Argyle. From at least the days of Donald the Third, anno 270, Lochaber and Badenoch were part of

the domain of the Lord of the Isles, and were, by the act of parliament of 1540, annexed to the crown, being included in "the two Kintyres, with the castles pertaining thereto, and their pertinents." In anno 1607, appears an "act in favour of the earl of Argyle, for twenty chal forth of Kintyre," not printed, being very likely twenty chalders of victual. The occupiers, therefore, of Lochaber and Badenoch did, and should have held of the crown, as coming in the place of the Lord of the Isles. If Argyle acquired any right in Badenoch, it must have been from the *holy* covenanters, whose Samson he was, or from Oliver Cromwell, and so rendered null and void by the Restoration. In the act of parliament, of forfeiture and annexation of the "arch traitor Argyle," for the Monmouth rebellion, which particularly enumerates the whole of his property, nothing in Lochaber or Badenoch appears. The first outset, therefore, of his grace of Gordon in Badenoch, is founded in fraud, falsehood, and misrepresentation, for the whole of Lochiel's property lies in Lochaber, west

of Ennerlochy and Fort William. It was not convenient for his grace to state the truth, lest he should awaken the suspicion, and excite the vigilance of the officers of state, to the defence of the rights and property of the crown. But, perhaps, his grace was then, as now, keeper of the great seal. It was stated for the defender, that his lands were not expressed in the pursuer's right, "nor did the defender acknowledge my lord Argyle for his superior; nor does the retour say, that the rebel was habit and repute heritor." Here the truth is plainly told, but not the whole truth. The property of Mamore, in question, was part of the pertinents of the castle of Ennerlochy, the property of the *ci-devant* Lords of the Isles, now the property of the crown.

Notwithstanding the attention of James the Sixth, and the reformers, in the acts of parliament, anno 1594 and 7, the crown had obtained little or no influence in Lochaber and Badenoch; and Lochiel had ventured to attach that much of the dormant property to himself. The court found "a

superior having forfeited all rights flowing from him fell in consequence." 'Lochiel now, at the last extremity, offers to acknowledge his grace as his superior, and to hold the property of him. As both parties dreaded further discovery, his grace, sore against his will, is forced to accept, it being the property, and not a vassal that he wanted. Lochiel is desired to instruct positive, by what tenor he held the property, anno 1633, if by ward, and was infest the following year. One action more only of his grace, appears in a legal way against Grant of Grant. Whence this forbearance of his grace, in his newly acquired lordship of Badenoch? Were there no more vassals to summon? Does his grace feel sentiments of compunction, kindness, or commiseration? No. He finds the chief of Clan Ranald a bar in his progress. How is this obstacle to be removed? He knows that Keppoch's date was too ancient for him. He fears to proceed against him before a supreme court of equity. He finds him possessed of no part of the appendages of the castle—that he



holds nothing but his own patrimony—that his truth, therefore, “would fear no open shame,” and he dreads that he might disclose the iniquity of his proceedings. Had he summoned him, what would have been the reply? “Cock of Huntly, dost thou summon or challenge me? I know thee not—hie thee home, and crow upon thine own dunghill—but thou callest thyself a duke—hast thou changed thy genus? Well—it is possible thou mayest fly to my border—thou mayest bathe thyself in the waters of Loch Laggan—thou mayest survey the capacious bason, the circumjacent woods. Thou mayest deposit thy eggs in its islands, and bring forth thy brood. But know that thou dost so at the hazard of thy life, for it is possible I may slay and eat thee. Cock of Huntly, thou hast possessed thyself of the castle of my fathers—thou makest thy voice to be heard on its battlements, and rearest thy creation high—thou dost expand thy wings, and dost seek to enlarge its boundaries. Thou hast lifted up thy heel, and hast left the impression of thy spur in the side of Lochiel. Thou

dost call thyself the king's donatar of the forfeited rights of Argyle—thanes and lords of Argyle were my fathers, for at least twelve hundred years—what are now thy thoughts, thou Norman adventurer? Thou dost say he was marquis of Argyle—Campbell of Lochaw I recollect. He abjured the ties of blood, and sided with oppressors. He aided the Stuart, in subverting the ancient statutes and laws of the realm, and so became Sir Paul of the purse, to the priest ridden, despotic, and feminine third James. He submitted to receive the wages of iniquity, and to grow great in the sight of a mortal, wishing to be revered as acting by divine impulse. Then the eagle of Ross ceased to animate the soul of the mighty, and to brave the beams of a meridian sun. The ignoble spirit of a Stuart, delighting to bathe in the streams of revenge, continued to exalt him; he is known as earl, and as thou sayest, marquis of Argyle, and as justiciar-general of the Highlands and Isles, he sits in the chair of my fathers, and wields their sword of justice. The voice of the lion of the

Isles is no more. A change of religious opinions takes place, but we, stable as the bases of our mountains, adhere to the faith of our fathers, and leave the new religion to the operation of time, as the trier of its tenets, for ought not opinion, like thought, to be free? Thus are we excluded the pale of Protestant protection, two only obtain ratifications, by becoming proselytes---Sleat and Maclean. Persecution arises. We commit no act of aggression. Does the pious reformed Protestant feel sentiments of forbearance? No. We are considered as sheep for the slaughter, our lands to become the prey of the spoiler. The zeal of holy covenanters sends Argyle against us, as another duke of Alva against the Protestants. So closely treads the reformed Protestant faith of Scotland on the heels of the Mahometan creed and practice. Alla be praised, saith the pious Turk, and his prophet Mahomet---let us draw the sabre against infidels! God be praised, saith the reformed and sanctified Scotch Protestant, and his apostle John Knox---let us demolish churches---let us

brandish the firebrand of wrath---let us draw the sword of the Lord against Highland Popish unbelievers, and plant our holy kirk. The brave Montrose revived our drooping spirits, and like another Wolfe, nobly fell in the hour of victory. The Stuart restored, religious zeal dictated another effort, and Argyle is again the champion. He at length meets with punishment long merited, and thou, Huntly, sayest thou art come in his stead. Argyle received no right from the crown to the property of my fathers---the foot of no Campbell hath polluted my land---thou, therefore, Huntly, seek not to establish thy pretensions by fraud and falsehood. Plume not thyself on the favour of a prince, for that may vanish as the morning mists on the top of Ben Nevis, at the approaching rays of the sun. The injustice and oppression of the house of Stuart have long been paving the way for its destruction; the fate of the first Charles hath ceased to be a warning, and that house may soon fall, never again to arise. Listen, therefore, to the precepts of moderation---curb

thy unjust desires---let thy soul be attuned to peace, and delight not in the blood of the innocent. Pride and ambition led the father of lies to rebel. He was expelled from heaven, from the society of the good. He triumphed in the fall of the first pair, as augmenting his legion. Art thou his general here? Avarice and ambition urge thee on in the career of falsehood. Thou hast penetrated to the castle by a circuitous path---tread not thy females in the courts---introduce not thy spurious progeny to the halls of my fathers. Seekest thou, by attacking me, a more direct course to thy usurpations? Well--two glens I possess, granted to my fathers by their sires. These, as the passes to the appendages of the castle on the east I guard, that castle of which my fathers were castellans; and, if thou wilt, in deference to thy high titles, were lords lieutenants of the northern frontier. Betwixt me and thee is Cluny Macpherson, whom I support, the faithful liege of our ancient Lord---the friend of my right hand. Harken, therefore, to the counsel of Coll of Keppoch the aged, whose

brow is serene in the rising tempest. Repose thyself at home on thine own couch--submit thy pretensions to the decision of the learned and the impartial--the judges of the Court of Session. Peace be to thy soul.

“Cockatrice of Huntly, dost thou decline the award of honest men? Delightest thou in the blood of the slain, thou son of small fame? Dost thou dare to the combat the son of Sumerled? Must I leave the peaceful abode of my rest in Lochaber, to meet thee on the frontiers of thy encroachments in Badenoch? Shall I, the chief of Clan Rannald, the representative of the long famed and highly renowned, summon to mine aid my blood, the descendants and vassals of their ancient Lord? They will fly to me with the wings of affection; one generous cause, one bond of affection unites us, they possess not the soul of an hireling. They will crowd around my standard--the songs of Sumerled will be sung--the deeds of the mighty be recited. With hearts elated with the glory of our fathers, and the renown of ancient times, will we

meet thee--thou noble of mushroom growth  
--thou peer, or as thou sayest, duke of yesterday's date. The mountains of Badenoch will once more echo with the shouts of the warlike--the fields of the deeds of our fathers will animate our souls to the battle---will stimulate us to tread in the path of their fame---will lead us to an emulation of their glory, and to rush on the invading foe. The last days of Coll of Keppoch the aged, may beam with the radiance of a setting sun, on the snowy face of the mountains, and I may be gathered to the rest of my fathers, covered with the reflected rays of their fame. Then shall my soul ascend to the star of their rest, the virgin of truth will sing my deeds on the lyre of righteousness, and an honourable seat be assigned me by the side of my sires in their mansion of bliss. 'Welcome, welcome---thou faithful son of our might---thou hast kept up the renown of our name---welcome to the rest thy sires.'

"But Huntly--why this effusion of blood  
---listen to the voice of former times---call to mind Alexander of Ross, who conde-

scended to be thy son-in-law, an honour only to thee, and who endeavoured to plant thee in the true field of honour, to engraft on thee a regard for the constitution and laws of the country, and a regard for the civil rights of the subject. Respect this pledge of friendship, raise not thine arm against his representative, curb thy thirst of lawless avarice, recant thy falsehoods, violate not the rights of the sovereign, *delight not in the blood of the innocent*, and let the sun of peace continue to shine.

“ Cockatrice of Huntly, hath the father of lies furnished thee with the seeds of discord, and dost thou sow disunion among us? Dost thou seek to raise anti-social and unnatural war, that the blood of kindred, slain by kinsmen, may flow, and thinkest thou, thus to deaden my courage? Dost thou seek, for thy associate, the chief Tosh, and is he, the traitor to Donald Balloch, to be thy commissioned agent against me? Hath not war, for at least one hundred and fifty years, raged between you, ravaging, plunder, poisoning, murder; and is the union betwixt you, to be cemented



at the expence of me, who never injured you? Well. Against him will I stand alone, whatever may be the force. No man of Clan Chattan race shall be seen in my ranks. My children, alone of my own soil, shall support me, and protect the dust of their fathers. On thee, and on thy tool Tosh, be the blood of the innocent, and may God be the shield of the just! Cockatrice of Huntly what are now thy thoughts? The Almighty hath been pleased to smile on my arms, and to grant me victory. Toshach is humbled, and hath been permitted to return home in peace, *on promise* never more to molest me or mine. Such terms would not have been granted to me, had I been the aggressor, and had been conquered. An ignominious death would have been my lot! Cockatrice of Huntly, dost thou, presuming on the favour of a besotted king, denounce me rebel, because I did not tamely surrender my coat to a thief, because I did not meanly deliver my purse and my property to robbers? Thy pride may soon have a fall. The career of the king, thy supporter, by

committing such acts in the south, may soon be cut short, and Argyle may again bestride the house of my fathers. Serpent of Huntly, hear me. The whole career of thy house, hath been a series of actions I blush to name, and though the grey hairs of the conqueror of Milroy may descend to the grave of his fathers in peace, evil days may betide my children. We can bare our breasts to the tempest, the gleaming sword doth flash no fear in our minds; death, in the day of battle, we meet with fortitude, and yield our souls to our Creator with a smile. Our thoughts, raised by the majestic scenes around us, ascend from the tops of our mountains, to the empyrean of the highest heavens of the Most High, if mortal thought may thus presume. We look down, and see thousands of worlds moving in solemn silence, in the destined roll of their course, and obeying the divine impulse of their omnipotent Creator. What then is this terrestrial globe to an immortal soul, or the small spot on which we first drew the vital air. But it is our patrimonial inheritance, it contains the remains of

our fathers, and is the scene of our pilgrimage here. With minds thus elated, we see not a snake in the grass, we dread not an adder in our path. A sovereign may come, who knoweth not us, and may be ignorant of his own rights. Thou Huntly doth know the political ways of courts. Thou canst stoop to dissimulation and flattery, thou canst assume the smiles of innocence, and by obsequious servility, impose upon, and obtain the favour of a prince, who doth not know the deceit and guile of thy ways. By fraud, misrepresentation, and treachery may we be overcome, and much I fear, evil days are in store for my children. But the ways of heaven are inscrutable as well as just, and punishment may one day overtake thee. However highly exalted thou mayest become, reflect on the iniquity and ingratitude of thy conduct, and tremble at the paw of a lion of the Isles. Whilst viewing, with malicious pleasure, the ruins of the castle of my fathers, and extending thy scaly length to the rays of the sun, tremble, thou serpent of Eden, lest the eagle of Ross, descending from the lofty

summit of Ben Nevis, snatch thee up in his talons, convey and drop thee into the mouth of Mount Hecla! That guiltless flame will not receive thee—thou art ejected, miles in height, in a column of smoke and ashes. Tremble, lest the angel of destruction, brandishing the forked lightnings of an offended God, in a vindictive whirlwind, drive thee down the horrific mouth of Mount Etna, or dash thee into the crater of Vesuvius. Still tremble, lest the angel of truth transmit thee, by an indignant earthquake, through the bowels of the earth, to the furnace of the Azores. Still tremble, lest a vertical sun, entering Leo Belgicus, draw thee from the sulphurous vortex of thy ignitious exhalations and attractions, draw thee to himself, with a rapidity quick as thought, from thence to eject thee, in a *fire ball* of judgment, to the dark and dismal mansions of unfathomable night, thy everlasting dukedom."

Thus, it is evident, that his grace of Gordon, disappointed by the decisions of the Court of Session, as to Mamore, had recourse to force of arms against Keppoch,

employing Macintosh, and is disappointed by the event. They, therefore, are the true rebels, are chargeable for the blood shed on that occasion. By the revolution of 1688, the properties of those in the south of Scotland, who had been concerned with Argyle in the Monmouth affair, and which had been granted, by act of parliament, to the duke of Gordon, were restored. In this act, no mention is made of any grant of Argyle's forfeiture. His grace claimed Argyle's forfeiture by a grant, under the great seal; but it does not appear, by the acts of his forfeiture and restoration, that such a grant had been confirmed by parliament. It is highly probable, that no such grant existed, or that it was a fabrication, as it is to be supposed, that it would have been mentioned and confirmed, in the act of parliament, of his grants in the south. At all events, it became null and void, by the Marquis of Argyle's restoration\*, and

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\* In the act of Argyle's forfeiture, mention is made of the superiority of the lands held by the heirs of the late Lord Macdonald. The writer supposes him to have been the ille-

here, therefore, ought to be the final exit of the duke of Gordon in Lochaber and Badenoch.

By the honesty, humanity, and justice of King William, the pretending superiors were disappointed in their *holy crusade*, and pretensions against the persons and properties of the descendants and vassals of the family of the Isles, and by the intervention of Coll of Keppoch, anno 1691, peace was restored to the West Highlands and Isles, without costing his Majesty one farthing, which the reader may contrast with the conduct of the earl of Breadalbane, as to the ten thousand pounds, and the affair of Glenco.

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gitimate grandson of the late Lord of the Isles. In this case, the Marquis of Argyle was superior of Keppoch, and of all the other branches of the family of the Isles. By the final grant of 1707, the family of Argyle became so in every respect, and the duke of Gordon ought then to have been expelled Lochaber and Badenoch; and thereby, Angus of Keppoch, and his people, would have fallen into humane hands, instead of being devoured by savages. The writer supposes this superiority to have been, in consequence of the grant of justiciar-general of the Highlands and Isles, after the death of the last Lord of the Isles.

The respected, honoured, and honourable Coll of Keppoch died in peace, at a very advanced age, and saw not the evil days of his children, lamented and regretted by all around him. He was carried to the grave of his fathers by his people, honoured by the sighs of the worthy, and the tears of the indigent. It may be further observed here, of the acts passed against popery, a papist could not succeed to the property of a protestant, and the crown, a protestant heir, having come in the place of the Lord of the Isles, the heir at law could not be restored, without abjuring popery, and thus the property lay dormant in the crown, by a passive title, until that happy event, the union of Scotland and England; when, it seems, the people of Scotland were considered as a flock of sheep, and sold by the family of Argyle, the master shepherd, the price being the grant of the dormant property of the family of the Isles, with the title of the earl of Ilay, which is, and was the principal residence: the writer says dormant, for it cannot be considered as a fair forfeiture, and there

could be no reason but religion, for excepting the heir at law of one family, and restoring all the rest. His grace of Argyle, ought now to have cleared Lochaber and Badenoch of the duke of Gordon; but a matrimonial connection seems to have been betwixt them, and his grace of Gordon thereby retains possession of his unjust usurpations. He ought to have insisted on his right of superiority over Keppoch, and the other proprietors, which would, and must have been acknowledged; and it is most deeply to be regretted that he did not do so, for then the inhumanity and barbarity, committed by the pretending superiors, the duke of Gordon and Macintosh, under the sanction of the clan act, would not have taken place. It must be observed, to the honour of his grace of Argyle, "that he joined with those humane persons who recommended to the ministry in vain, to be more merciful to the delinquents, after the rebellion of 1715 was suppressed." His grace of Gordon, and his coadjutor Macintosh, had now the inexpressible pleasure of expelling Angus of



Keppoch, and the wives and children of his relations, and of those who had surrendered with him, and who had been transported, as slaves, to America, from the lands, destitute and stript of every thing; and this they were authorised to do, by the act 1, George the First, called the clan act, by which the estates, real and personal, of those concerned in the rebellion, and holding of subjects, superiors recognosced or reverted to them, and which act may be considered as the *auto de fe* of the Protestant succession, and of the house of Hanover. It is acknowledged, in the actions at law, before the Court of Session, after passing the vesting and annexing acts of 1747 and 8, that the clauses and views of the clan act were chiefly directed against the Highland chiefs, a description of subjects remote from political intelligence, and from the then paucity of newspapers, in all probability, might not have known that there was such an act of proscription levelled and prepared against them; and thus their ignorance might have been sustained as an excuse, for little knowledge of laws or acts

of parliament could at that time be expected from Highlanders, living secluded among mountains. It may be farther observed, that in the Lowlands the young and inexperienced Earl Marischal was the principal sufferer, though there were others of the same and higher rank equally guilty, seemingly, because he was of Clan Chatan, or Highland extraction. As to the Highlands, Keppoch was the principal victim. The British constitution had been for some time in a state of melioration, the legal prerogatives of the crown were defined, and the absurd pretensions of passive obedience, non-resistance, and arbitrary power, were done away by the revolutionary principles of 1688. From this hopeful state of progress, the nation was all at once, by this clan act, precipitated back to the ancient and worst state of feudal anarchy, misrule, and oppression; as many subjects superior, as many judges over their vassals and tenants, who, without the benefit of jury, were liable to be stript of their all; the slightest suspicion, or the smallest evidence would be sustain-

ed by the judge, now also a secret spy upon their conduct, when he himself was to have their whole property, upon declaring conviction. Thus a door was opened to every species of rebellion, treachery, and iniquity, it being now the interest of subjects superiors to secretly foment and excite rebellion, and openly countenance and support the same, by the participation of such of their families as had nothing to lose; and thus the rebellion of 1715 should not be called an act of treason against the king, but a conspiracy of subject against subject, the one to draw in and ensnare the other, that he might obtain his property, by the royal sanction, and by the benefits of the clan act. Another reason has been assigned, that it was a scheme of the Scotch earl of Mar to screen himself, the English earl of Oxford, and some others of the ministers of the last year of Queen Anne's reign, from further prosecution and punishment, and it had that effect, for the sage counsellors and magnanimous ministers of George the First, instead of proceeding upon, and of prosecuting and pu-

nishing the prime movers and principals of this insurrection, cowardly turned their vengeance upon ignorant and illiterate Highlanders, the remedy and rod of punishment; the clan act having been provided before the disease broke out, and as if the ministry wished for it, as they had now made it the interest of the superiors to foment and excite it. Thus the succession of the present reigning family is ushered in by a partial distinction, in favour of one class of subjects against the other, as if they wished to favour pretending superiors against the west Highlanders, and to renew the scenes of Milroy and Glenco, and as if they expected them to embrace the first opportunity of taking arms in retaliation. Accordingly, Angus of Keppoch is drawn into the snare, allured by the conduct of the marquis of Huntly, afterwards acknowledged by his son to have been a papist, and by the example of Macintosh of Borlum, the near relation and neighbour of the chief Macintosh (there were two Borlums), appointed brigadier-general in the rebellious service. It is a fair and honourable conclu

sion to suppose, that the illustrious house of Hanover, in the person of George the First, ascended the British throne with the purest sentiments of justice and affection for all classes and denominations of his subjects whatever, papists included, for, by the then existing laws, they were protected in the peaceable enjoyment of their property. It will be acknowledged, that his Majesty succeeded by a parliamentary recognition, and under an engagement to maintain, support, and improve the British constitution, and this axiom is in strict union with the coronation oath, by which, the writer presumes, his Majesty is found to do justice without partiality, and without respect of persons.

It is also fair to suppose, that his Majesty, as being the first of a new family, would be glad to embrace the first favourable opportunity of endearing himself to his new subjects, and of conciliating their affections to his house, by any act of lenity and clemency, shown to any misinformed, or misrepresented part of them. How far the clauses and intentions of the clan act

the first of his reign, correspond with the above data, the writer leaves it to the candid, unfettered, and unprejudiced reader to judge.

It does not appear that his Majesty was left to the free scope of his inclinations, and to the due exercise of his judgment. He ascended the throne in a conflict between parties, and under the banners of the whigs, who, for the most part, if they did any thing for the general good of the nation, in the true spirit of liberty and justice; took care to be personally well paid for it. The clan act may, therefore, be considered a whig act, offering rewards to all who would join or adhere to them, and tending to excite a commotion or sedition; therefore, inconsistent with the true principles of justice, on account of its executive and prejudiced intention. If any person took up arms against the sovereign, no matter of whatever class of subjects, that offence being against the king, his property should devolve to the crown, and to have remained annexed, but admissible of being restored to innocent posterity, as an exercise of the

royal clemency. If he took up arms against the laws and against the established government, that offence being against the nation, in a general point of view, his property should have devolved for the national benefit, but, in time, capable of restitution. It may be said that such an act was necessary for the protection and support of a new line; it may be said, on the other hand, that it was a provoking of hostilities, and a challenging to rebel, by the then triumphant party. It may be said, that the spirit of the act was in conformity to the ancient laws of the land; it may be replied, that the arbitrary, oppressive part of the feudal system was done away by the revolution, and ought not to have been revived, and that it was inconsistent with the true genius of the British constitution, and a violation of the bonds of society; and finally, that if any were drawn in to rebel, in consequence of such *party colours* being hung out, and such scope given for intrigue, such persons, as a first offence, were, in time, capable of clemency and forgiveness, and that, in proportion to their

case, and obstinate adherence. Lastly, if any near relation of the superior, such as a son or a brother, appeared in support of this expected rebellion, he ought to be considered as acting by the secret order, or connivance of his brother; and if any vassal rose in arms to support the rebellion, he ought to be considered as acting by direct or secret application, or indirectly, by the influence of such example; the superior, therefore, ought to have been excluded the benefits of the clan act, and to have been thankful for only the pardon of such son or brother. The writer now craves leave to go on to show how far the practice or administration of the clan act corresponded with the foregoing principles of equity. Angus of Keppoch and the fifteen hundred men who surrendered with him, perhaps, the reader would expect, met with lenity and forgiveness, as such peaceable surrender must unquestionably have facilitated the suppression. They were tried, as already said, and adjudged to be transported to America, and to be sold as slaves for seven years, and in all



probability, Angus would have been sent with them, had he not been pretty far advanced in life, and so unfit for slavery and servitude. This was a mode of punishment particularly galling to the free and martial spirit of a Highlander, and seemingly, in imitation of the Roman practice. It was likewise an old English practice, and had been known there until "within a few years after the Tudors." It had also no doubt been known in Scotland, but was its revival consistent with modern refinement? If they had taken up arms to pillage the properties of their opponents, this mode of thievish punishment would have been very proper; but they had rose from motives of sympathy and commiseration, for the fallen state of their ancient sovereign, now an exile, and depending on the charity of foreign princes, and so buried their own injuries in a sense of his misfortunes, and had the king been in the same situation, they, past all doubt, would have done the same for him. This attachment to an old sovereign has been shown of late by the Tyrolese, the Highlanders of the

Alps. Had these considerations been attended to, and had government granted a free pardon to Angus and his men, and liberty to return to their property and residence, upon pledging their word of honour for themselves and their posterity, never to take up arms against the reigning sovereign, his heirs and successors, such an engagement would have been deemed binding on all of the name of Macdonald, and on all the names of those clans who had been engaged with him, and thereby the rebellion of 1745 would have been prevented, or would have come to nothing, as the West Highlanders were the main strength on both occasions.

Perhaps some new fledged wits may ridicule the writer and his pledge of honour; to such he must reply, that the family of the Isles never violated its honour, nor broke any engagement, and this steady observance of faith occasioned its ruin; for had the shifting policy of a weathercock of Huntly been followed, the earl of Ross, and lord of Argyle and the Isles, might have retained his ancient state. Had,

therefore, this lenity been extended, and the pledge of honour required, the fame of his Majesty's clemency would have been celebrated throughout the British empire, and he would have reigned in the hearts of all; but this did not accord with the mean dictates of revenge, and with the selfish intentions of the clan act; the honour and glory therefore of the sovereign, and the future peace of his realms, must bend to party views, and to narrow minded and short sighted policy. America has, at different times, been peopled by Britain, with puritans, non-conformists, non-jurants, quakers, presbyterians, papists, rebels, and thieves, and by kidnapping and emigration, until the motley progeny became sturdy enough to rebel, and to become a piercing thorn in the side of the parent, and Britain has been forced to acknowledge them of age, and fit to guide themselves.

The cup of calamity, filled up for Kepoch and his people, anno 1687, is now extended, and the rod of affliction, the clan act, fully applied. Angus, with his imme-

diat relations or "kinsmen," the aged and the infirm fathers, wives, and children of the surrendered are expelled the lands, destitute, naked (comparatively speaking), cold, hungry, and unsheltered, by the intended thieves, liars, and robbers of 1687, and the secret traitors of 1715, the duke of Gordon and Macintosh, now licensed to do so by the clan act, as if rewarding the one for the treason of a son, and the other for the treason of a brother. Thus the affair of Keppoch is, in a threefold degree, far more atrocious than that of Glenco. It was proposed to erect a column, commemorating the glorious revolution of 1688, on which, it was asked, if it should be erected in the vale of Glenco. If, after the now revolution of a century, it be proposed to erect a column, commemorating the glorious ascension of the protestant succession, and present reigning family, it may be asked, should such a column be erected at the house of Keppoch, and should it mention the blood lost by him at the battle of Milroy, the seven years slavery to the surrendered, with the consequent pillage

and exile, and the curses and execrations then vented upon the king, his advisers—the ministry, and their merciless agents, and pretending superiors, the duke of Gordon and Macintosh, the valued amount of the plunder of the property, and the gracious cession of the third part to Macintosh, by the duke, to stop his mouth from telling tales, as to the legality of the duke's pretensions to superiority, the demolition of every thing upon the property, tending to show the quondam existence of the old family, with the destruction of the parish records and registers, in case a ray of mercy should afterwards be dispensed by royalty; and concluding, with a continuance of those imprecations, by the miserable victims and exiles down to the present day? Such an inscription may gratify the malicious and the partizans of corruption, but must chill the breast of the humane and the just with horror. If it be asked why was this signal calamity inflicted, it may be replied, for having been decoyed into a sham rebellion, and which cannot be called a rebellious act of treason, in the proper mean-

ing and acceptation of the words, as applied to the then existing reasons and circumstances, but an insidious and selfish design upon the properties of the simply compassionate, and the unwary, a throw of false dice against the honour of the sovereign, and the brightest jewel of his crown, mercy, an infamous game of *black legs*, and a *bubble* of the South Sea species. The writer acknowledges that of 1745 to have been a rebellion truly deserving of the name. In the year 1680, the estate of Alexander Robertson of Strowan was, by a sentence of the parliament of Scotland, forfeited. In 1703, he got a pardon from Queen Anne, restoring him to his estate and the bygone rents. He joined in the rebellion of 1715, and was attainted by act of parliament. In 1723, George the First gave a gift of the estate to his sister, which was revoked by his engaging in the rebellion of 1745, and the estate was annexed to the crown, and restored in 1784. The writer introduces this with great pleasure, from a desire of doing justice, and of showing any instance of clemency, placability,

and forgiveness of the reigning family, wherever it occurs.

After the death of Angus, the proprietors of the lands of Keppoch, the pretending superiors appear to have been alarmed with an apprehension that the crown might be disposed to extend mercy to his younger brother Alexander, or his children, at some future period, as he had not been concerned in 1715. To defeat this hope, and to preclude the crown from the exercise of this glorious and humane branch of its prerogative, the registers and records of several parishes were destroyed, or, as it is termed, lost, and in the parish where he resided, as many leaves were torn out of the parish books, as included the entry of his marriage, and of the births of all the children he then had, but his last child having been born to him three years after, the entry of her baptism has escaped. The iniquity of this transaction needs no colouring, and it could not have been done but by the order of the patron of the parishes, his grace of Gordon and his minion Macintosh, as no other had any interest in so

doing. The writer considers the destruction of the records of the parishes as treason, in a two-fold point of view; as defrauding and depriving the crown of that branch of evidence of forfeiture of the lands of Keppoch, and of abstracting the exercise of the rights and prerogatives of the crown; and, secondly, as a violation of an act of parliament made at an early period of the Reformation, to check the growth of popery, by which parents were required to have their children baptised at their several parish churches, and their names to be registered in books, and preserved in all time coming, and the parent neglecting or refusing to do so, was liable to a penalty, in proportion to his rank and circumstances. The destruction of the registers also highly criminales the ministers of the several parishes, as the books must have been in their custody, or kept under their direction. This charge against the ministers becomes the more highly criminal, as it appears, that no registers have been allowed to be kept in some of the parishes, but since 1784, the year of restoration, when



the forfeited property being restored without any notice being taken of Keppoch, the pretending superiors judged themselves secure of possession. The rebellion of 1745, showed the inutility and impolicy of the clan act, for so long as superiors were to acquire the property of their vassals, as long was it their interest to foment and excite commotion. A different course was now steered, by the act 20 and 25 George the Second, called the vesting and annexing acts, by which acts, nine estates, including Keppoch, with the wadset of Barisdale, were declared forfeited, vested, and annexed to the crown; "which estates were holden of subject superiors, who have entered claims to the property thereof; it is enacted, that his Majesty, &c. may compound with such subject superiors, concerning their claims to the property of the said estates, and also agree with them for the purchase of the superiority, and the agreed prices of such superiorities; and also the composition for the claims of property, shall be certified by the persons authorised to treat on the part of the crown

to the treasury." Stat. 31 Geo. II. "The Court of Session in Scotland, is required to proceed upon, and determine all claims entered or to be entered, by virtue of, and in terms of 20 George II. cap. 4, by the creditors of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, &c. upon the lands and estates of the said forfeiting persons." It is evident, by the above extracts that it was the intention of the legislature that these estates should be annexed to the crown at all events, and against whatever claims, and that the clan act was repealed, particularly so, as to these estates so named; to suppose otherwise would be charging the legislature with absurdity. The first trial of these claims of the superiors to the property, before the Court of Session, is in November 1748, raised by Farquharson of Invercauld against the king's advocate, claiming certain lands of him, which had been held by Farquharson of Monaltry, to recognise to him the superior in virtue of the clan act \*. "An-

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\* It was objected that the clan act was only applicable to the rebellion of 1715. The objection was repelled. The be-

swered (for the Lord Advocate), that the law was made with a view to the circumstances of the nation at the time, on the accession of a new family to the throne, on which account it was thought proper to invite the subjects to loyalty by extraordinary encouragements, but these sanctions were not intended to continue, or take place, except with regard to the rebellion which after followed. The title of the act is for encouraging all superiors, &c. who should continue loyal to his Majesty King George, and his present Majesty is not the King George reigning at making the act." Replied for Invercauld. "The treasons mentioned in the act, continue for the life of the pretender, &c." "Duplicated by the Lord Advocate. The law ought to be strictly interpreted, not only as contrary to the common rules of law, but as a trial of an expedient, which was found not to answer, but to have bad effects, and is since repealed, in case it did subsist.

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nefit of the clan act not competent to any person who, on any occasion has proved disloyal.

By the late vesting act, the estates of traitors are declared to be forfeited and vested in his Majesty, without any saving of the right of superiors, as was done by that passed 1 Geo. I." "The court was of opinion, that by the late vesting act, the real estates were vested in the crown, upon the 24th June, 1745. They observed, that the first vesting act in the time of George the First, was in the precise same terms with the present, and that the second vesting act, 4 Geo. I. understood it to have the same meaning that is now given to the present vesting act." "The lords found that the act of parliament of the first of the late king founded on, was, and did continue a subsisting law in so far as concerned the clauses therein, relating to superiors, landlords, and tenants, who should continue in peaceable and dutiful allegiance to his Majesty, his heirs and successors, until the 29th day of September last, that the said clauses did stand repealed by the late act of parliament, past in the 21st year of his Majesty." "It was further objected to the claimant, that he himself

had been disloyal in 1715." His claim was dismissed. In consequence of this plain and positive decision, the crown recovered the property of the lands held, as superiors, by the dukes of Argyle, Athol, and Montrose, without any obstruction offered by them, and also two estates which had belonged to Earl Marichal. The barons of the Court of Exchequer go on surveying until they reach the Duke of Gordon, who raises an action against the Lord Advocate, anno 1750.--Marginal note. "The clan act found not to regard solely the rebellion of 1715. That act takes effect, though in the records of the attainder it be not specified to have been for the treason mentioned in the act." "The duke of Gordon claimed the lands of Mamore, part of the estate of the late Lochiel, recognised to him as the superior thereof, on the attainder of his vassal, by act of parliament 19 Geo. II. in virtue of the statute of 1 Geo. I. made for that purpose. The same objection was made to this claim, as to that of Invercauld, to which reference is here made." "Objected also, with regard to

the precedents of cases after the rebellion of 1715, perhaps, at that time it was thought proper not to be too critical in objecting to those who claimed under this act of parliament, which now it is proper should be more narrowly attended to, as it has been found to have consequences different from what was intended by it." A long discussion is entered into on both sides as to the species of treason committed by Lochiel, the duke contending it to have been such as should cause the property recognosce to him. It is unnecessary to revise this as Lochiel had been a rebel in every sense of the word. "The lords found the act to subsist, and repelled the objections." This plea is again reported under the head papist.-- Margin. "A superior who was a papist, was infest on adjudication against his predecessor. The heir being infest to his grandfather, neglecting the adjudication was found to have the benefit of the clan act." "1750, duke of Gordon against the crown. George, duke of Gordon, who was infest, anno 1684, upon a charter under the great seal,

executed in 1711, a gratuitous bond for a great sum of money, to his eldest son, Alexander, marquis of Huntly (acknowledged to have been a papist), upon which the marquis adjudged the family estate, and was infeft, 1712. He, afterwards duke of Gordon, died anno 1729. His son, Cosmo George, made up titles to the estate, as heir to George, duke of Gordon, his grandfather, neglecting his fathers title, and was infeft, anno 1731. Sir Evan Cameron was infeft, anno 1688, in the twenty merk land of Mamore, held feu of the duke of Gordon, &c. The present duke of Gordon, superior of the land of Mamore, claimed the same upon the clan act, the land being in his lordship of Lochaber." A discussion at great length is entered into as to the rights of a papist. "The president (Duncan Forbes of Cullo-den) was clear on both points, but they were not voted separately. All the judges were of the same opinion, except the Justice Clerk, and Lord Elchies, who did not vote. The question was put in general.—Sustain the claimants title, and was carried

sustain." As to this plea, the writer, with due deference to the Lord Advocate, is humbly of opinion, that he, the Lord Advocate, ought to have questioned the history and legality of this great seal grant and to have objected to it on the grounds already mentioned, that no grant of property, that stood annexed to the crown, by act of parliament, could be granted but in a parliamentary way, that no grant of a king daily committing acts of aggression on the civil and religious rights of the subjects, and for which he was at last expelled the throne, ought to be deemed valid, and that such admission of validity, was inconsistent with the oaths of abjuration and assurance required of the subject. It may be also observed, that the duke now lays aside the mask, and states Mamore to be in his lordship of Lochaber, acts of usurpation and depredation, a-la-mode Napoleon, making way for one another. It was also the duty of the Lord Advocate, as in the case of Invercauld, to have stated the treasonable conduct of the claimant's father, anno 1715, at which time he stood infest in



the family estate, that the son ought to be thankful for the lenity of the crown, in overlooking his father's delinquency, and that he, on account of this corrupted descent, should have no title to the benefit of the act, that the scheme of passing over his father, upon account of his having been a papist, and serving himself heir to his grandfather, could not do away his corruption of descent, that he ought to be ashamed of attempting to impose upon the goodness of his sovereign, and the intentions of the legislature, in the acts of vesting and annexation, the plain meaning of which could not be misconstrued. The Lord Advocate ought farther to have stated to their lordships, that in the late rebellion, the brother of the claimant, Lord Lewis Gordon had been a most active rebel, and had acted as lord lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, for the pretender and his service, compelling people, as well by military as civil law, or rather force, to furnish money and subsistence, and was more deserving of capital punishment, than Earl Kilmarnock or Lord Balmerino; that the exemp-

tion from punishment, the one time of his father, the next time of his brother, was a violation of every idea of justice, and a deduction of the honours of the sovereign, as well abroad as at home, that the continuance thus of the house of Huntly, by example, and active concurrence to excite and encourage rebellion, and then profiting by it, as in the case of the property of Keppoch, anno 1715, and now in the present claim, was an outrage upon common sense as well as justice, and could not be endured, that, therefore, their lordships ought to dismiss this claim, with sentiments of disgust and abhorrence at its effrontery.

The reader, as well as the writer, would no doubt have expected such firm and decisive language to have been used by the Lord Advocate on such an occasion, and will, no doubt, be surprised at this passive obedience and tame compliance. The astonishment of the reader must have been very great at the decision of this claim, by which a resurrection and re-animation was given to the clan act, by a great majority,

when the same court unanimously had declared its death and interment, but about two years before, and will be led to consider that majority of the Court of Session, as lost to all sense of honour and shame. The reader may also be led to suppose, that the disannulling the existence of the popish Duke Alexander, by his son serving himself heir to his grandfather, who obtained this alleged great seal grant, and who is to be considered as the author of the calamity of the Keppoch family, after having been, as is very likely, through the medium of his son, the instigator of Angus of Keppoch to take arms, was the pretext used with the clergy, for destroying the records of several parishes, and for mutilating those of Alvie, from 1721, to 1736, Duke George having died in 1723. But what satisfies the writer, that the principal object of this measure, was the operating against Alexander's children, is that in the neighbouring parish of Duthiel, where Alexander had been obliged to get some of them baptised, owing to an eight years vacancy of Alvie parish, the old registers are,

as it is termed, lost, and none have been kept but since from about 1784, though no person in that parish had been concerned in the rebellion of 1715 or 1745, but the patron of that parish is Grant of Grant, under Gordon influence.

The ejection of Alexander from his farm, the seizing of all his cattle for a half years rent by his landlord, which happened about 1736, after the succession of this zealous protestant, Duke Cosmo George the Mamore claimant, is also to be ascribed to this Duke Cosmo, who visiting the parishes in his anti-catholic inquisitorial capacity, and discovering Alexander earning a livelihood in a decent and somewhat respectable condition, and that he was the father of a promising young family, filled with malevolence and apprehension, may have insisted on his landlord, Macintosh of South Borlum, again to plunder and reduce him to indigence and exile, for the loss of his horses might have been recovered, and it is not likely that a half year's rent would have amounted to the value of all his cattle, as the South Borlum of that period appears,

from other circumstances, not to have been a man inhumane and unfeeling; therefore this second and final depression may be ascribed to high authority. It is not to be supposed that the writer brings forward these inquisitorial and persecuting proceedings, with a view to defamation and aspersion; for it ever has been the practice of usurpers to secure themselves, by inflicting death natural as well as political upon the former possessors, when in their power, crime begetting crime. To cite examples is unnecessary. The next and last trial is in 1760. "The duke of Athol against the Lord Advocate, claiming part of the estate of Perth, as superior, in virtue of the clan act. It was a matter of doubt whether the clan act extended to forfeitures on occasion of 1745. By this act of 1 Geo. I. it was provided that if any subject of Great Britain, holding lands of a subject superior in Scotland, shall be guilty of the treasons therein mentioned, and shall be thereof duly convicted and attainted, his lands holding of any subject superior in Scotland, shall recognise to

the superior, and the property shall be consolidated to the superiority, in the same manner as if the lands had been by the vassal resigned into the hands of the superior, &c. This question had been tried upon a claim of the duke of Gordon, but never brought to a final issue, because of a compromise which was agreed to between the crown and the subject superiors. The duke of Athol to entitle him to the benefit of this compromise, found it necessary to insist on his claim, which was objected to, as he had no vassal at the time of the forfeiture, Lord James Drummond having died prior to the expiry of the time limited for his surrender. The lords dismiss the claim." In this plea is made known the secret cause of the Court of Session for deciding as to Mamore, and the clan act, and the reader has no doubt read with an astonishment equal to that of the writer, that a compromise was entered into between the crown and the subject superiors, as to the administration and execution of two acts of parliament, such a promise, no doubt, to subsist during the life of the pre-

tender. The act of restoration of 1734, is considered as repealing of the acts of vesting and annexing, and by it the whole property mentioned in these acts is accounted for, and restored, except Keppoch; Cameron of Lochiel having to pay the sum of £343 9s. 1d.; and his grace of Argyle having to return the sum of £1218 4s. 5d. and receiving back the superiority of part of Lochiel. Thus, it appears, that his grace of Gordon, and his friend Macintosh, were the only outstanding, relentless, and obdurate superiors, and that it was with them that this compromise had been made, as to the lands of Keppoch, for it does not appear that the Barons of Exchequer surveyed that property, or that any plea was entered into before the Court of Session, for its recovery from the pretending superiors. Thus the reader sees that George the Second, whose inflexible justice, if not severity, led him to behead Earl Kilmarnock, who did not join the rebellion until the close, having been prevailed upon by the pressing solicitations of his lady, whose humanity, it is acknowl-

ged, was such, that he saved the lives of many soldiers of the army of his royal highness the duke of Cumberland, who having, in straggling or foraging parties, been occasionally taken prisoners, would have been put to death, in cold blood, by the Highlanders, exasperated by the oppressions of pretending superiors and new landlords, and whose property was sold, to exclude restoration to innocent posterity, though his eldest son was serving as an officer in the army of the duke of Cumberland, which obliged Mary, countess of Errol, the last of the name of Hay, of that ancient and highly respectable family, to bequeath to him, as a relation, her property, and was thereby prevented from exercising her benevolent intentions towards another reduced family, and who vainly hoped, by wearing a Kilmarnock bonnet, at the coronation of his present Majesty, to excite compassion and attention, thereby imitating the partiality and unequal justice of the first George, meanly stoops to two subjects, undeserving in every point of view, and dispenses with the ob



ligations of the coronation oath, by which he is solemnly bound to administer justice and the laws of the land, without respect of persons, and thereby agrees and submits to defraud the nation of the rents and property of Keppoch, now amounting to about three hundred thousand pounds, and to single out and exclude innocent posterity for one single offence, from the restoration granted to others, and thereby, as it were, to confirm further usurpations of the rights of the crown, in the pretended lordships of Lochaber and Badenoch, and thus continue to connive at the encroachments of the house of Huntly, upon the rights and property of the crown, and to overlook, or rather to reward, its treasonable practices. Who can believe such to have been the conduct of a sovereign of the great, the generous, the noble minded, and manly spirited British nation, who excluded the house of Stuart, on account of this arbitrary, assuming, and dispensing prerogative.

The writer therefore deems it his duty, by petitioning or applying to the legisla-

ture, however ill he can afford it, to endeavour to obtain a remedy of this grievance, as he would be in some measure satisfied, were the nation in possession of its undoubted right of forfeiture, and of different encroachments, and in the meantime, he enters his solemn protest and appeal to the supreme legislature of the universe, before whom we are taught to believe all must appear, and in whose presence an emperor, a king, a duke, and a beggar are on an equal footing.

The writer, therefore, John Paul Macdonald, Hay, Ross, Leslie, a poor private teacher, who has not ten pounds a year to depend on, throws down his glove of defiance, both here and hereafter, to his grace the duke of G. marq—s of H—ly, earl of N—wich, and L. G—d—n of H—ly, lord keeper of the great seal of the dishonest, dishonourable, and worse than beggarly Sc—h crown, and commits these presents to the arch constable Leo Belgicus, under this token, that he went to the church-yard of Tongue, on a night, in the end of June, anno 1797, about the hour of

one o'clock, A. M. where he tore post-bills, and laid on each grave, for a new resurrection of justice, and restoration of rights, which was announced to the spiritual legions, by the tolling of the church bell, and which summons was soon after duly acknowledged, and answered, by the coming and appearance of Leo Belgicus and suite, *in propria persona*, and it is hereby expected, that the said arch constable has the souls of the aforesaid Dukes George, Alexander, and Cosmo George, in due durance, and forthcoming, and that the said arch constable is further expected to take due charge of the soul of the present d---ke, and the soul of his son and successor, the m---q---s, should either or both of them be disembodied before the call of the soul of the writer and appellant, and the appellant expects these presents to be entered and registered in the several arches of this globe, under the seal of the invisible Westphalian tribunal, countersigns Paul, Lord High Constable of France, the soul of that year, George last earl of Errol, Lord High Constable of Scotland, *en se-*

*cond*, the soul of the late Lord Haddo, *libra* Kilmarnock and Balmerino, Mary countess of Errol---peace to the souls of the righteous, and let the wilful and obstinately persevering wicked tremble. Further, it is hereby intimated to the reverend commissioner of his grace, who has so long scandalously betrayed the honour of his divine Lord and Master, who hath expressly declared that his kingdom is not of this world, to consider, that by the laws of man, the receiver of stolen goods is considered the same as the thief, and that he who accepts the succession of property, unjustly, or improperly acquired, is equal in guilt to the original usuper, and liable to the same dreadful responsibility here and hereafter ---also to pay attention to the tenth commandment and the Mosaic law, or divine legislation as to restitution, and to reflect how he offers ghostly consolation or spiritual comfort, without a compliance with the conditions required, lest he become a participator of the guilt-- that the contributing to the building of St. Paul's chapel in Aberdeen, or the giving of a clock and bell

to a kirk, cannot do away crimes, or be acceptable in the sight of God, when paid with the property of the widow, the fatherless, and the destitute; and finally, to beware of the mammon of unrighteousness, and how he mixes things temporal with spiritual. The writer believes there are many persons of the name of Gordon of honour and probity; he remembers with sensations of gratitude, the commiserating looks of the late Lord Haddo, father of the present earl of Aberdeen, which he never failed to bestow on him, on seeing him; and on revising the peerage of Scotland, for the last five hundred years, it gives him great pleasure to find there are but two, to whom he has any exceptions, a duke, and an earl, this last for a treacherous breach of honour, against the writer's happiness and future prospects. It is to be expected John Knox, in a future state, will give a suitable reprimand, and advocate for punishment upon him, and his worthless sprig of a son, of late piping hot from the university of St. Andrews, where, it seems, the principles of honour and honesty are

*cooked* up in a true stile of spiritual chicanery, even though found in a descendant of his beloved friend the laird of Dun; whilst riches so acquired, will make to themselves wings and fly away, and will not be found to benefit the fourth generation. To his grace of Argyle, the writer offers his respectful thanks for his forbearance as to the properties of Kinlochmoydart, Ardshiel, and part of Lochiel. To his grace of Athol, he offers his respectful thanks for his forbearance as to the property of Lochgary. To his grace of Montrose, he offers his respectful thanks for his forbearance as to the property of Arnprior.

The congress of Vienna, the writer humbly hopes, will establish peace on a sure and lasting foundation, that Europe may not be again embroiled in war, by the restless ambition, and unjust avarice of a few self-designing men.

May the British empire continue to advance in glory and happiness, and may ancient injustice and old abuses be done away.

## A HYMN

*To his Grace the D—— of G——, &c. &c.  
&c. &c. &c. by the hireling<sup>†</sup> freeholders of  
the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, &c. &c.  
&c.*

WE praise thee, O great duke, for we live *daintily* by the breath of thy bounty—we bathe in the streams of thy *pensioning* munificence. We bless thee, for thou art graciously pleased to smile on our daughters—they feel the blessed effects of *impregnation*, whereby thy image doth continue to be abundantly multiplied, and by thy great example, we scoff at the old fashioned notions of adultery and uncleanness.

Prosperous is he who doth become of kin to thee, or who is united to any of thy handmaids, or their progeny.

We magnify thee over the smoaking joints of roast beef, our voices and votes are turned to the praise of thy *help* or *cash* giving representatives, over the potent

*† Abookoeller has objected to the word  
hireling. I explain that it is not  
used in a positive sense. At elec-  
tions, the voters swear the oath  
against bribery and corruption;  
therefore there can and ought to  
be none. Thus the word and its  
application is emergency.*

bottles of port, over the cheering magnums of claret.

We question not from whence the sources of thy bounty do spring, and we pray for the sinecure gifts of thy grace.

We humbly pray the British king may be pleased to create another sinecure office, and appoint thee his three thousand a-year *skate carrier* of state—then wilt thou be graciously pleased to appoint one of us thy deputy. So will thy gifts continue to be showered down upon us—another handmaid shall be at thy service, for thou dost show us the way to riches, and we delight in what doth flow from thy fingers of *skate teeth* sharpness\*.

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\* The M—q—s of H—ly, when commanding in chief, at head-quarters, as general of the northern district, offered a bet of one hundred pounds, that he would purchase and carry home a skate to his lodgings. A gentleman who might be considered as a knowing one, and who should be well acquainted with the constitution of Huntly cocks—that they can pick up crumbs out of any dirty puddle, took him up on the idea that he would not so debase his Majesty's commission. He was taken in; for on the money being deposited in the bank, H—ly went forward to a fisherwife at the cross, purchased a skate, she tearing off a piece of her apron, to put



We highly extol thee, O great duke, for by thy private, sinecure, and feminine means, thy favourites supersede their seniors, and those of long tried merit, for we know that to humbly beg thy gracious favour, in female accents, is the shortest way to preferment. Great art thou, O arch duke, and greatly to be feared, for thy potent quack doth terrify the lower order—no sooner doth the l—d h—gh chan—ll—r crow with lofty crest, in the sonorous tones of thy voice, than the whole Br---t--sh house of C---m---ns are put to flight in confusion, with their bills of abolition sinecures—terrified and dismayed—and are driven like chaff before the *posterior wind* of thy might.

We most devoutly pray thou mayest continue to rise to the highest zenith of thy ascension--that the Vienna congress may

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betwixt his hand and it, in case of teeth, and he carried it home through the principal streets of Aberdeen, cheered by the halloos of the rabble. As the m—q—s has been dinner president of the Pitt principle association, it is to be hoped that against the next anniversary dinner, a sufficient supply of *skate* will be sent to London.

salute thee emperor of Madagascar---then will we be archdukes, marquises, earls, counts, and lords in thy empire---then shall we most humbly stoop down to kiss and lick the soles of thy feet---then shall we have extensive grants of lands given us---then shall many females watch over thy slumbers and ours---and then shall we have the Malegaches as our Keppoch slaves.

That all grace may continue to spring to thee from beneath---with never failing vigour and powers---we most devoutly pray---thine for ever, signed in name and by appointment,

SIMON TOUCHTOY.

## EXPOSTULATORY

*Address to the Moon of H--n--v--r.*

THUS saith the spirit of Angus of Kep-poch. Thou, O Moon of H--n--v--r, hast ascended, and hast rolled over these realms, now for one hundred years. Wilt thou permit me to expostulate with thee? Wilt thou hear the voice of truth from the lips of a plain son of the mountains? Hath justice flowed though the streets as a stream? Hath righteousness rolled over these realms as a river? Hath mercy and truth kissed each other, and has the soft melting voice of compassion been heard? Thy ascent, O moon of H--n--v--r, was gloomy and tempestuous through the evil intentions of self-designing men. Thou didst not dispense thy beams on the mountains, to us wast thou eclipsed by the mists of prejudice. We who had bravely maintained ourselves in the possession of our glens for seventeen hundred years, were doomed to deprivation and exile. In an

evil hour did I, with the flower of my people, leave our habitations to join a company not faithful to each other. I saw the guile of their ways, I made all the reparation in my power, and surrendered my original charter, the sword of my fathers, a sword which had never before been drawn but in just and necessary self-defence. Yet didst thou treat me as an obstinate rebel---thou didst reward men with my spoil more deserving of punishment than myself. I was the son of him who was recognised in act of parliament, anno 1689, as "laird of Macdonald," as heir of, and representing him, who, by act of parliament of 1663, "in favour of," was stiled "Lord Macdonald," he being the illegitimate grandson of the last earl of Ross, and Lord of Kintyre and the Isles. The castle of Ennerlochy, with its appendages of Lochaber and Badenoch, was all that was, by the crown, allowed him to succeed to, of the great territory of his ancestors, notwithstanding the disposition and conveyance of his grandfather.

He dying without issue, my father was

denied his right of succession, though he had procured peace to King William throughout the West Highlands. Such was his requittal! A th---f, a r--bb--r, was allowed to seize upon, and possess himself of the castle of Ennerlochy, and its pertinents, under a pretence of a seal grant as donatar of Argyle's forfeiture, anno 1684, though in anno 1689, an act was passed "rescinding the forfeiture of the earl of Argyle, and another act of dissolution of lands to the crown in the reign of King James." In support of this last act, I took up arms; for thou by thy clan act didst favour pretending superiors and th--v--s. In my utter ruin didst thou triumph, O moon of H--n--v--r, and didst reward traitors with my spoils. I bowed my head in anguish; I and my brethren sunk to the grave in depression and indigence; we saw not the evil days of 1745; our bones do not rest in the grave of our fathers. Thou, O moon of H--n--v--r didst suffer a total eclipse, and appeared again in the person of the second George. Rebellion now reared its head with more daring aspect. It

grieveth me to say that a regiment of thine felt the effects of Keppoch vengeance, as a retaliation of thy clan act, by being cut down almost to a man.

This was punishment misapplied, for it was G--rd--n castle they should have burnt, and along with it the double traitor Lord Lewis. That suppressed, unnecessary severity and cruelty of punishment followed, with a partial distribution of justice. Thou didst cause hang a Macdonald, son of Kinlochmoydart, who had not bore arms, because a letter was found on him for his brother who was. Well—what punishment didst thou inflict on Gordon of Glenbucket, or Lord Lewis?

My property was now vested and annexed to the crown. Well—has the nation been benefitted by its rents since June 1745, until now, in terms of the acts? Did thy Barons of Exchequer, and thy Lord Advocate do their duty by surveying and instituting a process of recovery before the Court of Session of my property from the representative of the th---f of Ennerlochy castle? Did the majority of the Court of

Session violate their oaths, *de fidei administratione*, by admitting a claim founded on a crown grant rendered null and void by subsequent acts of parliament, and without requiring the production of the said grant, or questioning its authenticity? Didst thou, O moon of H--n--v--r, violate thy parliamentary inauguration---thy sun, and coronation oath, by stooping to compromise the execution of two acts of parliament, with undeserving subjects, or whether deserving or not? Did the majority of the Court of Session violate their oaths and their honour, by reversing a former decision on the clan act, in deference to thy compromise, and has also the national interest been defrauded as to Mamore? Didst thou, O moon of H--n--v--r, require thy subjects to abjure the house of Stuart, and dost thou imitate, and continue to support its worst actions?

Thou, O moon of H--n--v--r, wast again eclipsed, and didst shine forth in the person of the third George. Civil war hath ceased, thy domestic aspect hath become more mild, but abroad far more bloody.

In 1784, thou didst restore the forfeited properties, but didst thou rescind thy compromise, and hath Keppoch's rights been restored? In that year thou didst clothe the representative of the th---f of Ennerloch castle, with the title of an English earl; was my property destined to continue to support this new decision of honour, and does this English earl continue to visit and pay his court to thee at my expence, and is it thus I am to account for its non-restitution? Hath not the 42d regiment carried the renown of the British arms to every quarter of the globe, and was not that regiment originally raised, as it hath since been chiefly supported, by my blood? Say thou, moon of H--n--v--r, who is colonel of that regiment? Hath he, by the gift of a regimental service of plate, sought to corrupt and vitiate the minds of *my officers and soldiers*? Are not the several articles of such a gift, indications of crimes, *memorabilia* of former perfidy and infamy, and must my blood ever be subjected to double servitude, and galling debasement of mind? Are theft, robbery, pillage, murder, and



treason, the principles of the Pitt association, as such are to be recognized in the hereditary descent of its president? There is a Fox association—is it to be praised? alas—no, for there is the clan act. Well—there are honest men on both sides, and to such the spirit of Angus of Kepoch doth appeal. The Lord God of heaven and earth, who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men; hath weighed thee, O moon of H--n--v--r, in the balance, and hath found thee wanting. He hath laid on thee his afflicting hand, and again hath darkened the rays of thy understanding, as if to exclude and save thee from further evil. Ought not this to excite repentance and amendment of life? Dost thou say, O moon of H--n--v--r, “Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,” and hast thou nourished implacable enmity against me and mine, for one hundred years; against me, who am the representative of the oldest family of thy dominions, and, at least, as old as thyself? Be-think thee, O moon of H--n--v--r, how it

may be with thyself at the expiry of another century. The supreme legislature of the universe hath visited the nations on the Continent of Europe with war and desolation, as the rod of his chastisement, to awaken men to a reformation of principles; Great Britain, by a toleration of corruption, vice, and venality, may be the next scene of visitation. May this be averted! Thou, O moon of H--n--v--r, dost now shine through the medium of a Prince Regent. The dispensations of his beams has been highly glorious and refulgent. Peace is now restored to Europe, and on his part to America. The Russian, the German peasant have been relieved by British generosity and kindness. The French exile hath been sent home in honour. Will thy domestic dispensation, O moon of H--n--v--r, continue to be equally glorious, refulgent, and beneficent? Wilt thou crush the serpents who may have winded about thy throne, who may have impeded the beams of thy justice, and who may have caused thee to diverge from the streight roll of rectitude? Will thy domestic eluci-

dation be one glorious circle of honour, virtue, justice, clemency, and political economy, to the ease, comfort, and happiness of thy subjects? Wilt thou hear the voice, wilt thou read the prayer of the destitute widow and fatherless? Wilt thou not lend a deaf ear to the adulating voice, to the insinuating address, that would lead thee to show a partial respect for one---the rich, to the injury of another the poor? Wilt thou not, O moon of H--n--v--r, fear thy Creator, and the monitor within thee---thy conscience, for though the spirit of Angus of Keppoch hath no cause to love thee, yet do I wish thee to do well for thy own sake, and for the sake of thy people, and my country? Thine, O moon of H--n--v--r, as thou mayest merit. In support of the acts of a free parliament, and the laws of the land. **MACK DONALD.**

Against the pretensions of arbitrary dispensing, and compromising prerogative,  
*still* **The ARCH REBEL.**

## THE RIGHT

*Honourable George Keith Elphinstone,  
Viscount Keith, Lord Keith of Stone-  
haven, Marischal Lord Keith of Dun-  
beath, K. B. Admiral of the Red, Knight  
of the Turkish Order of the Crescent, and  
Chamberlain for the Prince of Wales in  
Scotland.*

MY LORD---The eventful reign of Malcoln the Second, king of Scotland, which commenced anno 1006, gave origin to the name and family of Keith.

The Danes having made good a landing in Murray, the king collected a strong army to expel them, being assisted by Kenneth, thane or lord of Argyle and the Isles. The king gave them battle at Mortlich, which ended in the defeat of the Danes, but Kenneth of Argyle and the Isles fell early in the action. The Clan Chattan were clients of the Lords of the Isles, and attended him on this occasion. One of that clan, "a valiant brave man, having

signalized himself then, and at the subsequent battle of Barry, against the Danes, where their general, Camus, was slain," the king rewarded him for his good services with the barony of Keith in Lothian, from whence his posterity took their surname, and he, or his son, was dignified with the title of Marshall of Scotland. The family continued to flourish in honours and property, and to distinguish themselves on all occasions, in support of their country, until the memorable and unfortunate period of 1715, when all was forfeited. On this occasion, Angus Macdonald of Keppoch was concerned with Earl Marischal, and lost accordingly his whole property, which was seized by the Duke of Gordon, and Macintosh of Macintosh, as devolving to them as superiors, in virtue of the clan act, but I am now satisfied their claim of superiority is false; the duke of Gordon, on this occasion, allowing the impulse of modern avarice to swallow up ancient ties of blood and friendship; for Alexander, earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, was the son-in-law of the earl of Huntly, his

contemporary, of which marriage, Alexander's daughter, Elizabeth, was married to John, earl of Sutherland, who had by her a son named John, who died without issue, and a daughter Elizabeth, countess of Sutherland, married to Adam Gordon of Aboyne, son to George, earl of Huntly.

I need not expatiate on this strong tie of blood, but mention that the family of Keppoch, since the extinction of the Ardnarmurchan branch, has been regarded as the representative of the family of the Isles, being the only branch descended from Reginald or Ronald, brother of Angus Mor of Bannockburn memory, anno 1314, and Edith, or Anne of Lorn, the first Keppoch being their grandson, and having been forced to leave Lorn by the injustice and avarice of the Bruces and Stuarts, after the "waylaying," and murder of Reginald or Ronald, with seven noblemen in his company, by David (Bruce) the "*usurping* earl of Ross"; anno 1346, such being the final reward of his important services to King Robert Bruce, and that this representation led Angus to participate in the affair

of 1715. You, my lord, by great and important national services, have acquired the esteem and regard of your sovereign and the nation, and have renovated the lustre of your ancestors. That such may ever continue and increase is my most fervent wish! I have thought of laying my situation before the public, in the following sheets. May I most humbly do so under your lordship's auspices, as a participation of suffering may excite a sympathy of feeling? May I most humbly presume to design myself, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most faithful, and most humble servant,

**JOHN PAUL MACDONALD.**

The right honourable Lord Viscount Keith, &c. &c.

*Stonehaven, July 20, 1815.*

**FINIS.**

## ERRATA.

- Page 20. Note †, For *languid* read *langued*.—For *alterwise* read *salterwise*.
21. For *Donald Bane* read *Donald III*.
22. Note, line 10, For *his marriage with*, read *the marriage of*.
39. Note †, line 8, for *Stuart* read *Stewart*, and so after.
69. Line 3, For *trace* read *brace*.
83. Note, line 1, For *macassre* read *massacre*.
94. Note, line 16, For *part* read *parl*.—Line 12, for *Don* read *Dou*.
101. Note—The first Lord Kennedy, the grandson of Robert the Third, by an illegitimate daughter of that king.



Such a length of time is here com-  
-pressed in so small a compass,  
that I am sensible, farther illus-  
-tration may be necessary, as this  
is the first publication on any  
side of the question. This, which  
is now pretty far prepared, if en-  
-couragement offers, I propose to  
give, (still in a defensive way,) by  
a letter to His Royal Highness, the  
Duke of Clarence, with a discovery  
of a lie, from anno 1550. Also  
an Appendix from the accession of the  
House of Stuart down to 1715, with  
occasional extracts, as vouchers,  
with animadversions and replies  
J. B. M. D.

